

The Sketch.

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See "GOD'S GOOD MAN," p. 307.

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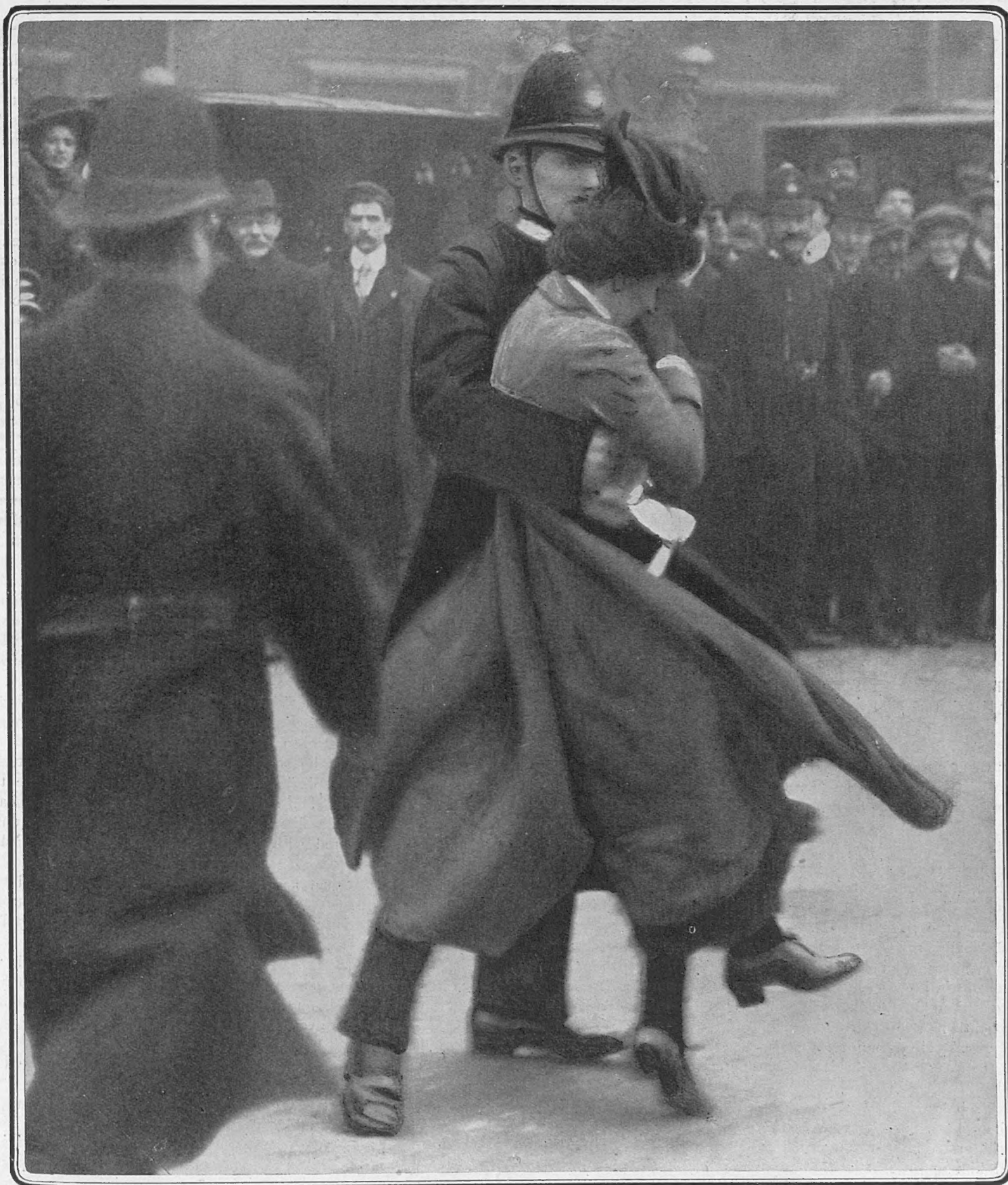
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The Sketch

No. 930.—Vol. LXXII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1910.

SIXPENCE.



IN THE ARMS OF THE LAW: DIFFICULTIES WITH AN ARRESTED SUFFRAGETTE.

Suffragettes demonstrated in the immediate neighbourhood of the House of Commons on Friday with such energy that no fewer than one hundred and nineteen arrests were made. Some of the prisoners "went easy" when the police took them in hand; others were decidedly obstreperous. When they were brought up at Bow Street on Saturday, it was announced that Mr. Winston Churchill had decided that "on this occasion no public advantage would be gained by proceeding with the prosecution."

The prisoners were therefore discharged, possibly to the disappointment of some of them.—[Photograph by the Central News.]

ORDER AT ONCE, TO MAKE SURE! "THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Next Monday, November 28th, "The Sketch" Christmas Number will be on sale. It is better than ever, and is certain to be quickly sold out, so copies should be ordered at once, to make sure of securing one. The number includes three beautiful pictures in colours, and an exquisite presentation plate in photogravure; also a number of drawings by Heath Robinson and other Sketch artists. There are five stories, including one by William Le Queux, illustrated by Dudley Hardy, Frank Reynolds, and others. The price, as usual, is One Shilling.

MOTLEY NOTES.

NEW YORK.

THEY said: "You must certainly see a ball game before you leave the States."

I said: "I beg your pardon. A what?"

They said: "A ball game—baseball, you know. Fastest game in the world. And you'd better hurry up or the season will be over. Why not go this afternoon?"

"All by myself?"

"'Fraid so. Business. But it's quite simple. Take the 'Elev.' to One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street, and get off at the Polo Ground. You'll love it. You'll go mad with excitement. Everybody does. Come back and tell us all about it. Wish we could go too, you lucky fellow! 'Bye!"

"One moment. Am I right in presuming that the 'Elev.' is the Elevated Railway?"

"Sure. You'll be all right, all right. You can't go wrong."

As it happened, I did not go wrong—after a slight difference with a sort of toy-car known as the "Shuttle." Let me explain, briefly, the principle of the "Shuttle." It will be of interest to engineering readers. If you get on to the Elevated Railway at Fifty-Eighth Street, and you want to go to One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street, you take the "Shuttle" to Fiftieth Street. But you don't get out. You leave Fiftieth Street Station and travel a little further in the wrong direction. Then you come back to Fiftieth Street, and change. Nothing could be simpler.

I paid a dollar to go into the Polo Ground, this sum admitting me to all the privileges of the Grand Stand. Having heard a good deal before leaving England of the lawlessness of the crowds at baseball matches, I was careful to seat myself beside an elderly, very sedate-looking gentleman with grey whiskers. He had a score-sheet on his knee, and was evidently keeping a careful record of the game.

"How's it going?" I asked carelessly, my secret hope being that he would mention the names of the opposing teams.

"How's that?" he retorted.

I remained silent, thinking that his remark had reference to some point in the game that I had missed.

"What's that?" he translated.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I asked you how the game was going."

"Gee!" cried the old gentleman, with an intense ferocity that startled and shocked me, "I guess we got 'em cinched!"

I should have liked very much to know who had got whom cinched, but he began to write busily on his score-sheet, and I dared not disturb him again so soon. I killed time, therefore, by examining the players a little.

Baseball is a development—a fierce development—of the good old game of rounders. Whereas we used to strike at the ball with clenched fist, however, and the ball was a soft one, in baseball you strike at the ball with a sort of round log, and the ball is a hard one. The gentleman who serves the ball to the batsman is called the "Pitcher." He does not lob it, or bowl it, or toss it, but shies it with tremendous force at the unoffending opponent. If the batsman can hit it with his log, well and good; if he can't, it is quite likely that the ball will hit *him*—on the arm, or the head, or the leg, or in the ribs. Thereupon, he writhes with agony; the captain of his side rushes up to him, helps him into his sweater, and, to cheer him up, the maimed wretch is allowed to move round to the first base.

I have been told—I don't know if there is any truth in it—that important matches have been won by the simple expedient of catching the captain of the opposing side a jolly good thwack on

BY KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

the head the very first time he faces the "Pitcher." Be that as it may, I had an idea that one or two of the batsmen actually allowed the ball to strike them on the body, for the sake of being permitted to move round to the first base. Such heroism as this is not to be met with every day, and it is only right that a popular baseball player should rank, as he does, next but one to Jack Johnson, the President intervening.

I was greatly interested in the tactics of the captain of the batting side. This individual, instead of taking his ease and a cocktail in the dressing-room, stands near the first base and covers the "Pitcher" with obloquy. These remarks are accompanied by feats of agility expressive of the utmost and most decided contempt. I myself saw one of the captains of the batting side leap high into the air, his fingers working, his head well back. The crowd encouraged such demonstrations by savage yells, hoots, groans, and all manner of strange and disconcerting cries. The odd thing was, to me, that the winning side had all the sympathy. Everybody, it was clear, wanted them to win. There was not a soul present, so far as I could judge, who had one friendly word, one kindly thought, for the losing side. Perhaps they were unkind to their wives, or something of that sort.

And now, as my brothers of the romantic pen say, a strange thing happened. A batsman gave the ball quite a decent knock. That is to say, it eluded the furthest fieldman and rolled towards the boundary, thus enabling the batsman to reach the second base instead of the first. I judged this to be a fairly ordinary event, but I was mistaken. The whole crowd rose to its feet—men, boys, women, and girls—and emitted one terrific and prolonged yell of delight. A young man in the front row deliberately threw his nice bowler-hat (here called a "Derby" hat) to the ground, and jumped on it. Two portly men embraced each other, dancing the while. A perfect stranger immediately behind me hit me, jovially, between the shoulder-blades.

As for my old friend with the grey whiskers, he was standing on his seat, his back to the game, leading the cheers. You have no idea what a noise that old man made. I was quite ashamed of him. I felt unwilling that he should attract so much attention to our particular bench. I plucked him by the trouser-leg, but he took no notice whatever. His score-sheet, his glasses, and his handkerchief were on the floor. And all this because some untidy stranger, now covered with earth, had made two bases instead of one.

The old gentleman kept it up long after the game had been resumed. When, at last, he did sit down, and I had restored to him his various possessions, I said courteously: "Would you mind telling me, Sir, what all that noise was about?"

"Gee! Didn't yer see it? Fine, Sir! Bully, Sir! Oh, you Jack Robinson!" (This last, of course, to the successful player.)

"But what would you do," I said, "if he got all the way round? I don't see what more you *could* do!"

"What's that?"

"I say, I don't see what more you could do if he completed the whole round."

"That's all right—all right!" gasped the old gentleman, wiping his eyes and putting on his spectacles.

They were all just as enthusiastic when, half-an-hour later, I stole away. As I drew near the station, a bunch of inspectors darted at me.

"How's it going?" they clamoured. "How's the game going?"

"I'm very sorry," I replied, "but I really haven't the least idea."

SET IN WATER: THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BERYL.



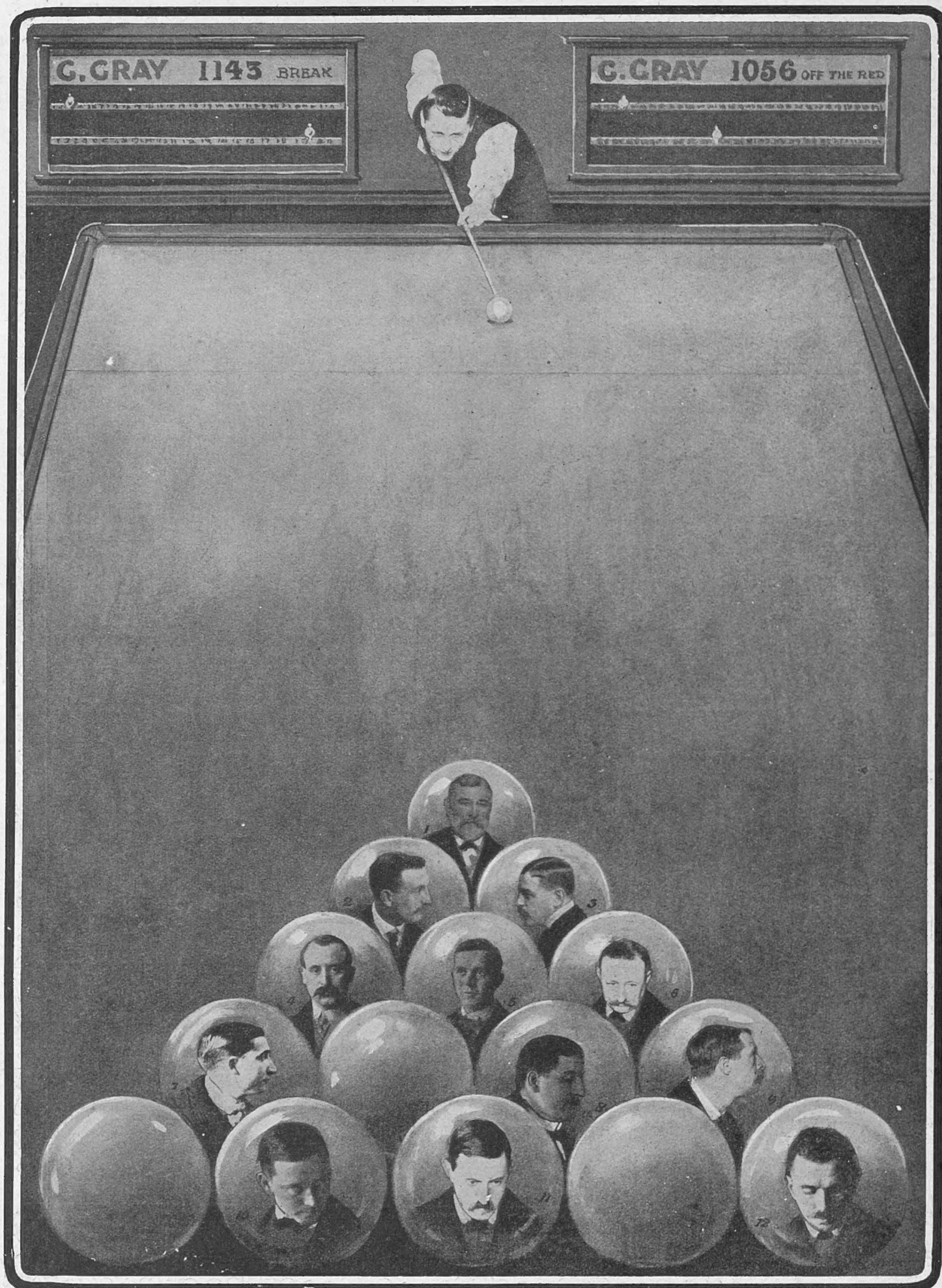
"THE FAIRY OF THE FOUNTAINS": Mlle. SIMONE DE BERYL.

Mlle. de Beryl is appearing at the London Hippodrome in a "turn" which bears the title "The Fairy of the Fountains." She is the Fairy; and, posing amidst the waters of fountains coloured by many ever-changing lights, is the centre of scenes of fairylike beauty. Unfortunately, our photograph can convey but little idea of the charm of the "act."

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

"WE SHALL MEET, AND BREAK . . . AT LARGE."—SHAKESPEARE (ADAPTED.)

GREAT BILLIARD-PLAYERS: GEORGE GRAY AND OTHER FAMOUS CUEISTS.



1. JOHN ROBERTS.
2. H. W. STEVENSON.
3. CHARLES DAWSON.

4. CECIL HARVERSON.
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6. FRED WEISS.

7. MELBOURNE INMAN.
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9. W. A. LOVEJOY.

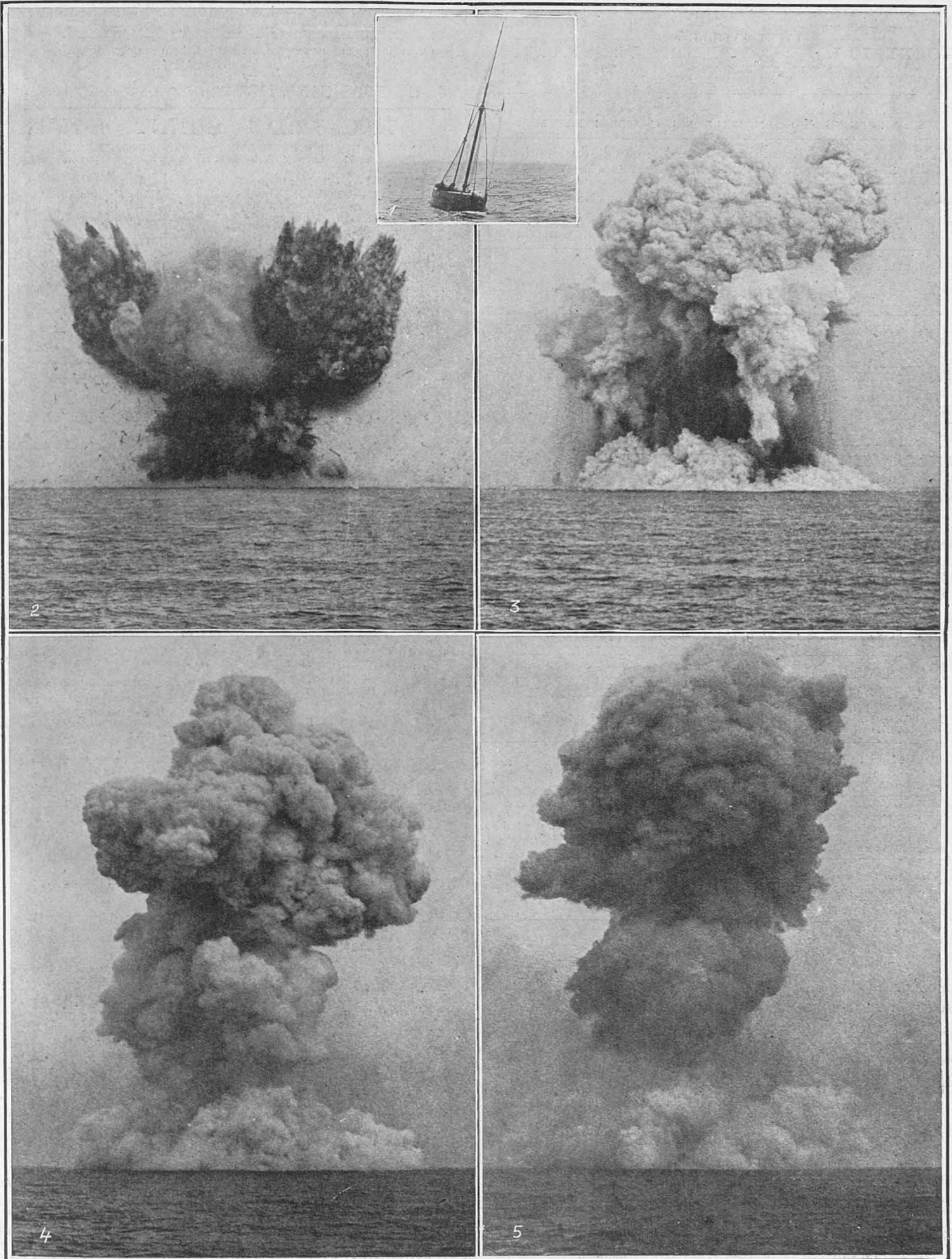
10. T. REECE.
11. EDWARD DIGGLE.
12. T. AIKEN.

Now that young George Gray is in this country, wonder-causing, the popularity of billiards is even greater than usual. For this reason, doubtless, these portraits of world-famous players will be of interest.

Setting by "The Sketch"; photographs by Sport and General.

NO KETCH NOW! THE EXPLOSION OF A MYSTERY.

THE BLOWING-UP OF A DYNAMITE-LADEN VESSEL PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A DISTANCE OF A MILE.



1. A SMALL CRAFT TO MAKE SO GREAT A SHOW! THE KETCH "MYSTERY," WHICH WAS BLOWN UP THE OTHER DAY.

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3. THE SECOND STAGE OF THE EXPLOSION.

4. THE THIRD STAGE OF THE EXPLOSION.

5. THE FOURTH STAGE OF THE EXPLOSION.

The Leith ketch "Mystery," which contained seventeen tons of dynamite (enough to blow up the City of London) was towed into Yarmouth after a collision. As water had got to her cargo, and the dynamite had thus become "tricky," it was decided to tow the vessel twelve miles out to sea and then blow her up. Fuses were fixed and lighted, and fifteen minutes later the explosion took place. The destruction was complete. The photographs were taken at a distance of a mile from the explosion.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.

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East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

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This Special Series of Articles for Lady Investors commenced in Tuesday's (Nov. 15)
issue of

THE FINANCIAL NEWS.

The Second Instalment appeared last Monday (Nov. 21), and will be continued
each Monday following.

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Details of Superintendent of Line, L. B. and S. C. R., London Bridge.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

ALLEN AND SONS Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon. Charlotte Lady Blennerhassett. 15s. net. JOHN LANE. Cecil Rhodes: His Private Life, by His Private Secretary. Cecil Jourdan. 7s. 6d. net. CHAMBERS. Stokes' Cyclopædia of Music and Musicians. L. J. De Bekker. 6s. net. CONSTABLE. Pages from the Book of Paris. Claude Washburn. Illustrated by Lester Hornby. 7s. 6d. net. The Emancipation of English Women. W. Lyon Blease. 6s. net. Fortuna Chance. James Prior. 6s. SMITH, ELDER. Vanity Fair. W. M. Thackeray. Two vols. 6s. net each. MURRAY. Sea Wolves of the Mediterranean. Commander E. Hamilton Currey, R.N. 10s. 6d. net. Behind the Scenes in Peking. Mary Hooker. 7s. 6d. net. Storm and Sunshine in South Africa. Rosamond Southey and Frances Slaughter. 12s. 6d. net. Through the Chrysalis. F. F. Montresor. 6s. The Peer's Progress. J. Storer Clouston. 6s. Master and Maid. L. Allen Harker. 6s. BLACKWOOD. Fancy Farm. Neil Munro. 6s. ALSTON RIVERS. Seymour Hicks: Twenty-Four Years of an Actor's Life. By Himself. 2s. 6d. net.	DUCKWORTH. The Golf Courses of the British Isles. Bernard Darwin. Illustrated by Harry Rowntree. 27s. net. STANLEY PAUL. The Sweep of the Sword. Alfred H. Miles. 6s. HEINEMANN. Of Distinguished Animals. H. Perry Robinson. 6s. net. Italian Fantasies. Israel Zangwill. 8s. 6d. net. A Large Room. Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 6s. CHAPMAN AND HALL. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. E. Temple Thurston. Illustrated by Emile Verpillieux. 6s. net. FOULIS. English Country Life. Walter Raymond. Illustrated by Wilfrid Ball. 5s. net. HUTCHINSON. This Son of Adam. G. B. Burgin. 6s. 52 Stories of Classic Heroes. Edited by Francis Storr, B.A. 5s. EVELEIGH NASH. The Romance of Princess Amelia. W. S. Childre Pemberton. 16s. net. The Wonderful Bishop. Morley Roberts. 6s. True Stories of the Past. Martin Hume. 5s. net. MACMILLAN. Highways and Byways in Cambridge and Ely. Rev. Edward Conybeare. Illustrated by Frank Griggs. 6s. GREENING. A King's Masquerade. May Wynne. 6s. The Revolt at Roskelly's. William Caine. 6s. The Girl's Head. Edgar Jepson. 6s.
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COUPON TICKET.

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd.,
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(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within fourteen days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET.

(Applicable to Passenger Trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who at the time of such accident had upon his person, or had left at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

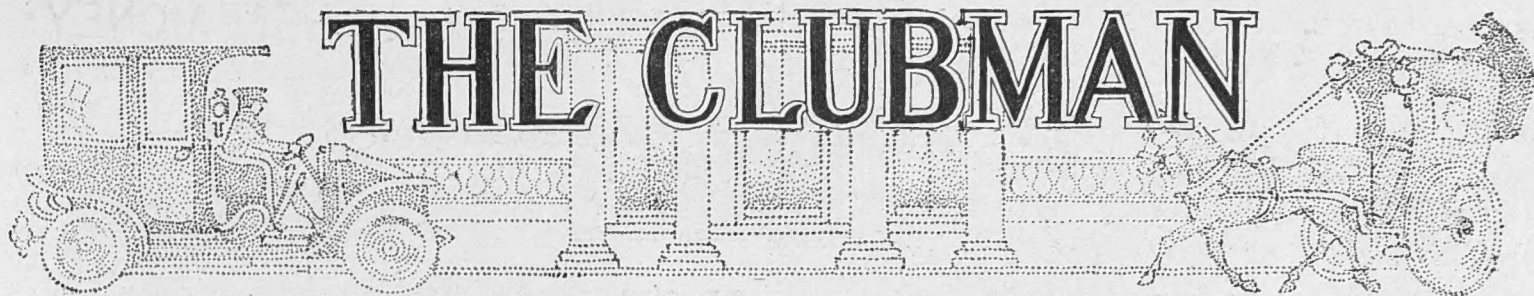
PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within ninety days thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

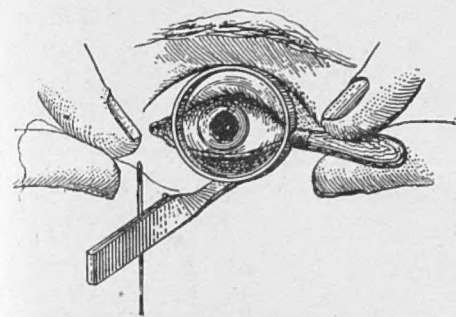
November 23, 1910.

Signature.....



The Shadow of an Election.

Once more the storm of politics is upon us, and all the unpleasantness of a coming election is making itself felt. Already elderly gentlemen, who have been thundering at their gardeners and farm hands, think that they are justified in standing before the club fire in the smoking-room, in pounding the palm of their left hand with their right fist, and in declaiming as much as they can remember of the arguments set forth by their favourite newspaper of one or another shade of politics. To those of us who consider politics a hateful



MAKING IT EASY TO THREAD A NEEDLE: A MAGNIFIER WITH NEEDLE-HOLDER ATTACHED.

The invention is a simple contrivance consisting of a magnifying-glass to which is attached a spring-clamp which holds the needle. This clamp is formed of a strip of metal bent upon itself and providing a long channel in which the needle may be secured and adjusted to the proper focal distance from the lens. The illustration shows how the device is used, the hole in the needle being greatly magnified, so that it is a simple matter to pass the thread through it.

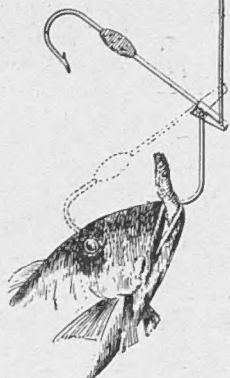
By Courtesy of "The Scientific American."

neys in slow trains and catch horrible colds, and at the end of it all, we shall probably be reproached by county agents for not having thrown more energy into a game for which we have no enthusiasm.

Dress at the Opera. Some good people are very angry because some of the frequenters of the opera-house go there in black ties and dinner jackets, and coloured waistcoats. I fancy that the dress that a man wears in an opera-house is chiefly regulated in London by the questions whether it is the season or an off season, and whether he goes with ladies or by himself. The days of Fops' Alley, when the dandies in all their glory stood in the gangways to be looked at, are past. Most men who take ladies to the opera echo the fine feathers of their companions by wearing white waistcoats and kid gloves; but the coloured waistcoats of which some of the old-fashioned opera-goers complain are the modern fashionable substitute for the white waistcoat, and though every manager of a theatre likes to see the occupants of his stalls well dressed, I am quite sure that no manager would wish to keep the man who has dined quietly at his club in the usual club dress from strolling to the opera-house and buying a seat if one is vacant. The question is really not so much as to what kind of evening dress men should wear at the opera in autumn as to induce the ordinary clubman to dine early and to go to the opera at all.

A School for Hotel Keepers.

Paris has started a school for hotel-keepers. In France, as in England, the majority of successful managers of hotels are foreigners. It is the Swiss and the Austrian and the North Italian all Europe over who rule over the great caravanserais. The Paris Chamber of Commerce, the Municipal Council, and the Government are all helping the new school established



AT LAST! BAIT-HOOK AND GAFF-HOOK IN ONE.

The hook has two parts, one of which carries the bait and is suspended from the other which is a gaff-hook. A small float holds the gaff-hook in its raised position under ordinary conditions. When a fish nibbles the bait, whether it is caught by the bait-hook or not, it causes the gaff-hook to descend. This strikes the fish, and, it is claimed, makes escape impossible.

By Courtesy of "The Scientific American."

in Paris, which, after two years of education, is to send the sons of provincial French innkeepers back to the parental inn with the knowledge necessary to convert it into an hotel which will attract tourists. There are many beautiful districts in France, as there are in England, to which the tourist never goes, because there are no comfortable inns; and this reproach, so far as France is concerned, the new school hopes in time to remove. For the first year the pupils are to be taught all that can be learned regarding hotel-management in a school, and for the second year they will be sent to some big hotel to pass through all the grades in all the departments. We in London are just beginning, at the Technical School in Vincent Square, to give British lads a grounding in the elements of cookery, in the hope that Englishmen may eventually be found ruling in great British kitchens. An effort is also being made to train messenger-boys and other lads to develop into British waiters, and our County Council and our various other educational bodies may well keep an eye on the school in the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau with the idea of paying it the compliment of imitation should it prove successful.



WORKED BY MEANS OF THE WATER FROM THE KITCHEN TAP: A NOVEL VACUUM CLEANING APPARATUS IN USE.

This cleaner consists of a suction-fan operated by a water-motor which can be attached to any ordinary tap. A tube connects the chamber of the suction-fan with a suitable nozzle, or foot plate, which may be moved over a carpet or rug to draw out dust and dirt. It is pointed out that an additional advantage is that the dirt drawn out by the suction-fan can be carried away most conveniently, with the water, down the kitchen drain.

By Courtesy of "The Scientific American."

The Barren Rocks of Aden.

Both the German Crown Prince and the new Viceroy of India, touching at Aden on the same day, were taken out, one in the morning and the other in the afternoon, to see the tanks which are the only sight the barren, burnt-up promontory has to show. The pride everybody connected with Aden has in these great reservoirs for the rain which falls so rarely is almost pathetic. They are not really one of the wonders of the world, and anywhere else would scarcely attract any attention; but on the dusty, hot, volcanic patch of land, where the chief industry is the distillation of fresh water from sea-water, the sight of real, cool, natural water amidst all the barrenness is very grateful to sun-tired eyes. The best expression that has ever been found for the utter weariness which the inhabitants of Aden so often feel is given in the lament which the pipe-major of a Highland regiment quartered at Aden scored for his pipers, and which is entitled, "The Barren Rocks of Aden." Next to "The Flowers of the Forest" it is the most pathetic music that is heard on the pipes.

The Paris Floods.

Even if the Seine does not make another rise, the rush of waters has already done grave harm to one of the pleasantest suburban clubs to be found outside Paris. The Tennis Club on the Île de Puteaux was ruined by last year's flood, but the club repaired the damages at a considerable cost, and hoped that for many years their grounds would be free from another soaking. It would be sad if this most pleasant gathering place of Anglo-Saxon society in Paris were doomed; but no club can meet year after year the expenses entailed by a deluge.



THE DIVIDED SKIRT "IN" IN AMERICA AS WELL AS ENGLAND: THE BOSTON VERSION.

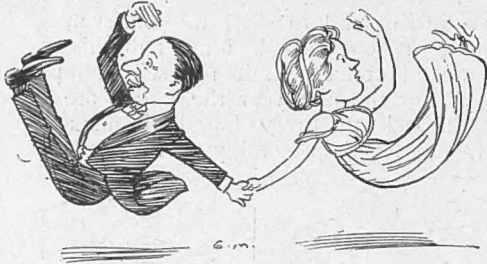
As we note elsewhere, a divided skirt is worn in "The Arcadians." Our illustration shows a divided skirt, described as a "comfort dress," worn by a Boston lady.

Photograph by the Fleet Agency.

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK



TO A LEMON.

(Lemons are getting much dearer this year.)

Dearer? My lemon, that thou couldst not be.
More costly? Be it so. But, since thou art
Most dear to my (to put it nicely) heart,
And never with its workings disagree,
I care not if I pay thy weight in pence
So that I squeeze thee round thy yielding waist
Into a tumbler sugared to my taste,
And quaff thy juice's acid excellence.
Thou art twice happy: on thy charms dilate
Not only the elect, long-haired, weak-kneed,
Who love thy virgin qualities to use;
But also the unhallowed profligate,
The dying remnant of the bull-dog breed,
Who dares debase thy purity with booze.

A case is being heard in Chancery which was begun in the reign of King Edward IV. The original litigants must have forgotten what it was all about by this time.

To locate any particular spot in London men use the name of the nearest public-house, women of the nearest draper. The old story. Man attends to the inside, woman to the outside of things.

The Tubes are going to exterminate the strap-hanger. The poor thing has been on the rack so long that he will welcome a painless extinction.

Mr. S. Z. de Ferranti proposes to put up a fence of electric poles all round our coasts to keep off the rain-clouds. Hurrah! It is not for nothing that the Clerk of the Weather has trundled his props over to South Kensington.

Sir Robert Ball says that the sun is growing smaller, and shrinking about one mile in ten years. If the sun were not occasionally advertised by these startling announcements we should forget all about his existence.

Middle Island, in the South Shetlands, has been expunged from the official charts. It has been expelled from the society of islands for having led a fictitious existence.



THE "Aero Two-Step" is a new dance which imitates a flying-machine. It will hardly be popular with ladies if it concludes with the usual rapid descent and bump at the end.

Twenty-six Japanese have been "recommended" for execution by a secret court. This is not quite the sort of recommendation one would care about, but still it is a pleasant way of putting it, and quite in accordance with the historic methods of Koko of Titipu.



ETUKISHOOK.

(Etukishook and his companion, who accompanied Dr. Cook on his Arctic journey, have been telling their version of the story to two native missionaries.)

List to the tale of Etukishook,
The Arctic comrade of Dr. Cook.

The doctor vanished from mortal ken,
And shuns the haunts of incredulous men.

But the waning year has at last brought forth
The well-named son of the frozen North;

Who, though he is but an illiterate chap,
Has much to say of the doctor's map,

Which finally smashes the aureole
The doctor placed on his own north poll.

And so we may gather that Dr. Cook
Was well advised when he took his hook.

Two whale-fisheries are in existence off the West Coast of Ireland, says the *Irish Naturalist*. There is a strong suspicion over here that the Irish whale is merely an Irish bull.

Our only Theodore Roosevelt has been "beaten to a frazzle" in the recent elections. The photographs of him in this condition should be worth framing.

One of our greatest advertising geniuses, speaking of the Censor's Advisory Board, says: "I, and several of the best brains in London."

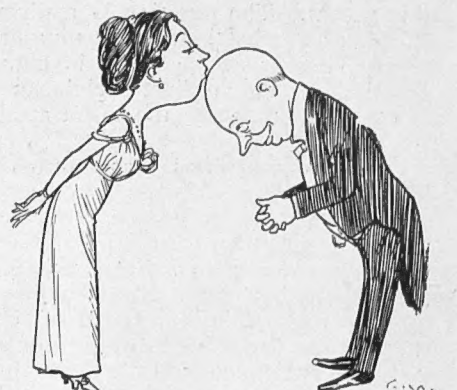


An unusually modest distinction.

"Were you a teetotaler?" queried counsel. "Absolutely," retorted the witness. "I drank nothing but port-wine." From materials collected for the very newest Oxford dictionary.

Soap-makers explain that the reason why soap is going up in price is because the ingredients formerly used in making soap are now employed in making artificial butter. If it comes to a choice between eating and washing, few brave boys will hesitate.

Bald-headed men of middle age are much admired by women, we are told, because the bald patch looks so clean and kissable. Up to now, it has only been the flies which approved of bald heads, because they make such capital skating-rinks.



THE "MURDER NO CRIME" PLAY: "THE UNWRITTEN LAW," AT THE GARRICK.



1. RODION RASKOLNIKOFF, THE RUSSIAN STUDENT, SEES THE WORKMEN ACCUSED OF THE MURDER HE HAS COMMITTED MARCHED PAST HIS WINDOW.
3. RASKOLNIKOFF SEEKS TO PERSUADE SONIA TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY WITH HIM, WHILE SHE INSISTS THAT HE SHALL REMAIN AND CONFESS.

2. AT THE MOMENT AT WHICH RASKOLNIKOFF HAS BEEN SO BADGERED BY THE EXAMINING MAGISTRATE THAT IT IS PROBABLE THAT IT WILL BE FOUND THAT HE COMMITTED THE MURDER, ONE OF THE ACCUSED WORKMEN, TO SAVE HIS FELLOW-WORKMAN, SAYS THAT HE COMMITTED THE CRIME.

Raskolnikoff believes that, under certain conditions, it is not murder to kill a man. Thus it comes about that he murders Gromoff, who has insulted Sonia Martinova, and would turn her into the streets. Two workmen are accused of the crime. Then suspicion begins to fall on Raskolnikoff. He is examined and is on the verge of confessing, when one of the two workmen, believing the other guilty, and desiring to save him, declares himself to be the murderer. Raskolnikoff, willing to take advantage of this, wishes to get out of the country, and asks Sonia to go with him. She tells him that his duty is to remain and to confess. In the end she persuades him. In Photograph No. 1 the chief figures are Mr. Laurence Irving as Raskolnikoff, and Mr. Wentworth Fane as Keller; in the second are Mr. Wentworth Fane, Mr. Montague Lane as Dmitri, Mr. Dalziel Heron as Bezak, and Mr. Laurence Irving as Raskolnikoff; in the third are Miss Mabel Hackney as Sonia, Mr. Laurence Irving, and Miss Mabel Nelson as Katya.

MRS. MAURICE HEWLETT. AIRWOMAN.

MRS. MAURICE HEWLETT, the wife of the famous novelist, has taken up seriously the sport of aviation. Mrs. Hewlett and her French partner, M. Blondeau, are the heads of a flourishing aviation school at Brooklands. As teachers of flying they have already scored some brilliant successes, one of these being Mr. Snowdon Smith, of the Army Service Corps, who took his pilot's certificate early this month, being the first British officer to be trained in any British aviation school. Yet another of their pupils is M. Drocq, who is the first Frenchman to take his pilot's certificate in this country, and has already proved himself a brilliant and fearless airman.

People are apt to talk as if the aviation meetings which were such a feature of our social life last summer only pandered to the sensational love of horrors of the crowd. Mrs. Hewlett is a striking proof of how unfair and hasty this judgment is. The really admirable and patriotic work on which she is now engaged is entirely owing to her having been present at the Blackpool aviation meeting. She saw there most of the famous French and English flyingmen sailing through the air. Flying "got hold of her"—to use her own expressive phrase—and she went home determined that she would acquire an aeroplane and become an airwoman. But no one is a prophet in his own country: her family treated it as her latest joke, and she began to think that her dream would not come true.

Plucking up courage, Mrs. Hewlett wrote to all the big French aeroplane-makers, only, however, to get depressing answers with regard to the great question of actually learning to fly. Finally she decided to go over to France and set up her abode on the aviation ground of Mourmelon. There, if anywhere, she surely might hope to learn everything that is yet known of the science of aeronautics. During all last winter she was the only Englishwoman at Mourmelon. Fortunately for herself, she found, first, an excellent teacher, and then an ideal business partner, in a French engineer, who himself knew everything there was to know as to the mechanical and scientific side of the new sport. By May Mrs. Hewlett and M. Blondeau were the joyful joint-owners of a Farman biplane, and Maeterlinck, the great poet, offered to christen their beautiful and graceful new possession "The Blue Bird."

Messrs. Hewlett and Blondeau, to give the firm their business

name, opened their aviation school this last summer, and at once started with four pupils. They are naturally very proud of the fact that they have, as we see, taught and passed out two fully fledged pilots.

Mr. Snowdon Smith, to whom reference has already been made, first made up his mind to fly when he was a spectator at the Bourne-mouth aviation meeting. He took his certificate after only fourteen lessons, and before these lines are in print he will probably have flown from Weybridge to Aldershot, where he is sure of a rousing reception from his brother-officers, none of whom were aware of what he modestly calls his new hobby.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett is also greatly interested in aeronautics, but he has not much leisure to devote to flying, being, as all the world knows, too busily engaged in imprinting his foot-steps on the sands of time! He made some interesting flights at Mourmelon, and he is a frequent visitor to the aviation school, taking almost as keen an interest in the progress of the pupils as does his wife.

The method of teaching followed by Mrs. Hewlett and M. Blondeau is at once original and practical. Every morning or evening, as the wind may allow, the pupil is taken for a flight. There is a rush along the ground, the engine purring like an enormous cat, then a steady lift, when one becomes unconscious of the terrible speed, aware only of a strange exhilaration and an ample air.

"Slow, steady, sure" should be the motto of the airman or airwoman who claims the privilege of teaching others how to fly. The first thing to do with a new

pupil is to take him a series of flights as a passenger. Then, after the first three or four lessons, the pupil is allowed to "feel his hands"—that is, to touch the lever of the machine. A week later, the would-be rival of the birds begins to fly in straight lines up and down the aviation ground, at first skimming the ground, then leaving it for short spells; lastly, he is well up in the air.

Mrs. Hewlett has not yet got her pilot's certificate, but she expects to do so in a very short while; and meantime there is very little about "The Blue Bird" and its intricate machinery that she does not know—or perhaps we ought to say that what she does not know about "The Blue Bird" is not worth knowing. Her only daughter is the youngest aeronaut in the world, for she has often gone up—only, of course, as a passenger—on her mother's biplane, and she is, like Mrs. Hewlett herself, absolutely without fear.



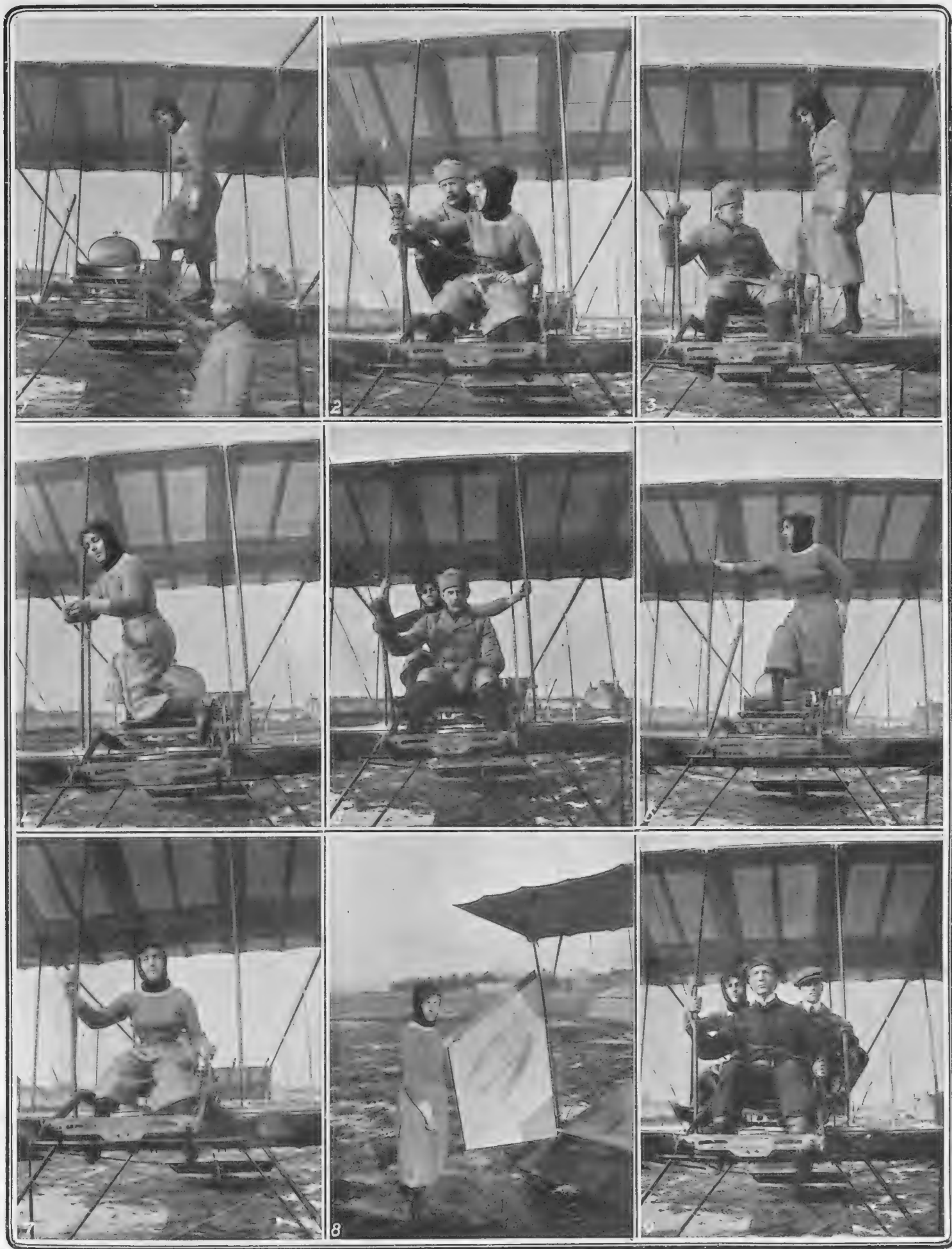
EARLY DAYS WITH "THE BLUE BIRD": THE FIRST STEP TOWARDS FLIGHT.

The photograph shows Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, wife of the famous novelist, on the Farman biplane christened by M. Maurice Maeterlinck and named "The Blue Bird," which is the property of herself and her partner, M. Blondeau.

Photograph by F.P.A.

MRS. MAURICE HEWLETT, AIRWOMAN: AN ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW.

THE WIFE OF THE FAMOUS NOVELIST AND HER BIPLANE, "THE BLUE BIRD."



1. "IMAGINE HAVING TO SIT IN A 'BABY'S CHAIR' LIKE THAT!"

4. "I MUST DO A LITTLE REGULATING OF THE ELEVATING-PLANE BEFORE WE MOVE."

7. "NOW I REALLY AM OFF."

2. "THIS LEVER CONTROLS EVERYTHING, YOU KNOW."

5. "FOR THIS JOURNEY I AM MERELY A PASSENGER."

8. "YES, THIS IS 'THE BLUE BIRD': YOU REMEMBER, M. MÄRTERLINCK CHRISTENED THE FARMAN."

3. "ONE MUST BEWARE OF THE MOTOR-LEVERS AND OIL-GAUGE."

6. "I ALWAYS LIKE TO SEE THAT THE COAST IS CLEAR."

9. "HERE YOU HAVE ME WITH TWO OF M. BLONDEAU'S PUPILS."

As we note on the preceding page, Mrs. Maurice Hewlett has turned airwoman. Full details will be found in our article. We need only add here that in Photograph No. 9 are seen, with Mrs. Hewlett, M. Ducrocq, the first Frenchman to take his pilot's certificate in England, and (behind him) the first British officer to gain a pilot's certificate.

Photographs by P.P.A.

CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

THE workings of the regulations in regard to the Coronation Peeresses are perhaps not always in perfect accord with the good wishes of him whom the Earl Marshal humbly serves. Among the few of his subjects whom King George has honoured with a visit since his Accession are Mr. Kennard and Cora Countess of Strafford, and yet the name of this lady, since her marriage with a commoner, has been scratched from the list of "entries" for the Abbey. Of course, nobody appeals to the King to reverse

the rules of the game; but it is perhaps a little tantalising if his Majesty talks to a hostess about the Coronation, assuming her own presence at it, and thus forces from her the sad fact that she will not be there.

The Ed- wardian Memorial. Memorial furnishes one of those cases in which a committee arrives at conclusions that have nothing in common with the private beliefs and desires of its members. Take them individually, and few would rank as men devoted to statues in general, or to London's statues in particular.

They all know that these statues are bad, and that it is unlikely that the nation's ineptitude will be corrected for this occasion, great as the occasion may be. But as a committee they are unanimously in favour of a statue. What does Sir Ernest Cassel, ready with his £5000 subscription, think? Or ask a Rothschild, whose natural instinct for art is as quick and sure as his thousands, what he thinks of British monument-makers. As a matter of fact, a great body of influential men are all in favour of a London Museum—at least, personally and as a theory. What they may decide upon in their corporate capacity is another matter.

There is, indeed, a general feeling that London needs a London Museum. Paris long ago realised that she was big and old enough to justify and to fill a museum in which other cities and nations should have no part. At South Kensington there are, of course, many things of London interest, but Italy and France and the East claim just as much space there as we ourselves do. But, say the enthusiasts, let us have our London Museum quickly, if at all. Every year, every day, houses are being pulled down and things dispersed which should be preserved. Ten years ago, before the Strand and other clearances,

many an old door or sign or other relic of the past would have been bundled into the museum, had a museum been there. The stones of Temple Bar, for instance, were handed over to the late Sir Henry Meux for the simple reason that he asked for them. The only condition attached to the gift was that he should take good care of them. The right to them has, needless to say, never been forfeited by any neglect. All the same, the Bar was one which even the late Sir Wilfrid would have wished the Londoner to retain.

A King's Daughter. The talked-of appointment of Count Elemer Lonyay to the Austro-Hungarian Embassy in Paris would have fluttered Republican doves—on his wife's account. Daughter of a King—Leopold of Belgium—she now has for her brother-in-law the Bonapartist Pretender to the throne of France. She did not, like her sister Clementine, postpone her marriage till after her father's death, but quickly married, and was as quickly banished. Queen Victoria and King Edward both lent the weight of their influence in her favour, but without avail. Like Queen Victoria, the Princess, who is well known in London, has expressed herself strongly against Women's Suffrage. "The emancipation of women threatens to hurl society and the State into the bottomless pit," she has said. And these are the warning words of—a revolting daughter.

Manners Maketh Man—and Woman. The Duchess of Rutland, under the wings of her three daughters, has again proved her prowess as a successful stallholder. Mothers and daughters are now almost contemporaries; and the Duchess has still the looks that made her famous as Miss Violet Lindsay. A brilliant and beautiful girl of the 'eighties, she was the target of the facile match-maker; and gossip at one time reported her engagement to the Duke of Portland. An interesting record made of her in those days, and one that still arouses competition among her friends as to which of her daughters most resembles her, is seen in Sir Edward Lyster's picture of Nausicaä. Among the ladies whose portraits are introduced on that classic canvas are the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Poynter, and Mrs. Langtry—a rare trio of widely differing types of beauty.



TO MARRY MR. HARRY MORRISS TO-MORROW (THURSDAY): MISS VERA TREW.

Miss Trew is the elder daughter of Mrs. Alfred Trew, of 30, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, and Seaford, Sussex, and the late Louis Samuel, eldest son of the late Sir Saul Samuel, Bt., Agent-General for New South Wales. She uses the surname Trew, instead of that of Samuel.—[Photo, by Thomson.]



THE ENGAGEMENT OF MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN'S SECOND SON: MR. ARTHUR NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. A. Neville Chamberlain, who is well known in Birmingham as a business man, is engaged to Miss Annie Vere Cole, daughter of Mrs. Herbert Studd and the late Major W. V. Cole.

Photograph by H. J. Whitlock and Sons.



TO MARRY MISS VERA TREW TO-MORROW (THURSDAY): MR. HARRY MORRISS.

Mr. Harry Morriss, whose marriage to Miss Vera Trew is fixed to take place to-morrow, is the eldest son of Mr. Henry Morriss, of Shanghai, and Stonebridge, Blackboys, Sussex.

Photograph by Thomson.



TO MARRY MISS LUCILE NEWELL SCHIFF TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY): CAPTAIN L. D. W. SAYERS.

Captain Lorne D. W. Sayers, A.S.C., is the son of the late Mr. R. T. W. Sayers.—[Photograph by Bacon and Sons.]

a London Museum. Paris long ago realised that she was big and old enough to justify and to fill a museum in which other cities and nations should have no part. At South Kensington there are, of course, many things of London interest, but Italy and France and the East claim just as much space there as we ourselves do. But, say the enthusiasts, let us have our London Museum quickly, if at all. Every year, every day, houses are being pulled down and things dispersed which should be preserved. Ten years ago, before the Strand and other clearances,



MARRIED ON SATURDAY LAST (19TH): MRS. ERIC H. THIRKELL-WHITE (FORMERLY MISS FRANCES C. BROOME). Mrs. Eric Thirkell-White is the eldest daughter of Mr. Frank Broome, of Winterbourne, Weybridge. Mr. Thirkell-White is the elder son of Sir Herbert Thirkell-White, Lieutenant-Governor of Burma, where, it was arranged, the wedding should take place.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN L. D. W. SAYERS TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY): MISS LUCILE NEWELL SCHIFF.

Miss Schiff is the second daughter of the late Mr. Charles Schiff.

Photograph by Barnett.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



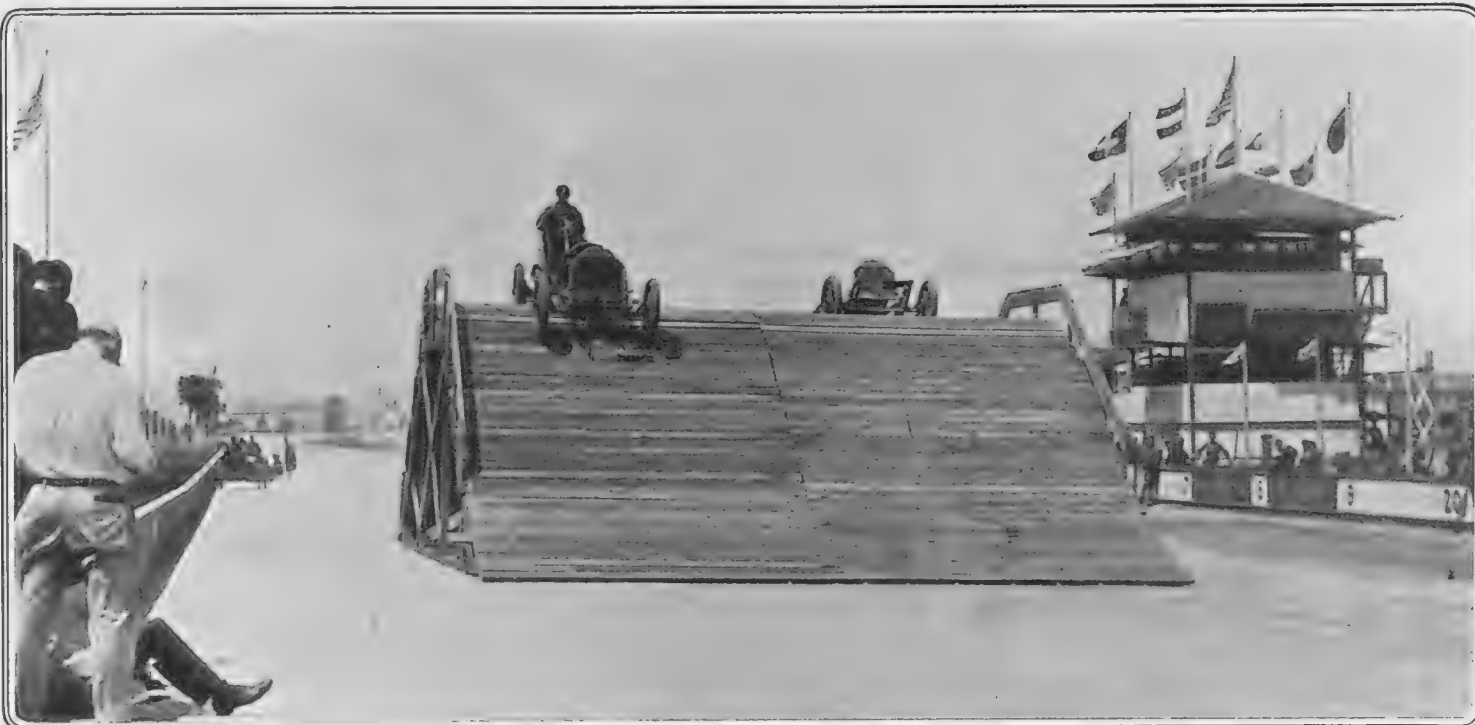
OUTWARD SIGNS OF A GIGANTIC PICNIC: AFTER THE GREAT ANNUAL MELON FEAST AT ROCKYFORD, COLORADO.

Those Englishmen who seem to believe that the average American lives on pumpkins and clams, with an occasional turkey for Thanksgiving Day, should be interested in this photograph, which shows hundreds of scooped-out melon-rinds after the annual melon picnic at Rockyford, Colorado, the best-known melon feast in the United States. At the end of the season, all the farmers bring in fruit for a gigantic free feast in the town.



THE GREAT DIVIDE: WHERE A STREAM IN THE ROCKIES SPLITS INTO TWO TO FLOW INTO THE ATLANTIC AND INTO THE PACIFIC.

The Great Divide is one of the regular show-places for Eastern tourists to the Rocky Mountains. The stream seen on the left flows into the Yellowstone River, which in turn empties into the Missouri, thence into the Mississippi, to reach eventually the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean. The stream on the right flows into a tributary of the Columbia River, and finally finds its way into the Pacific.—[Photograph by J. H. A. Chapman.]



MOTORING THE MOUNTAIN: CARS TAKING A FORMIDABLE OBSTACLE IN A RACE.

Photograph supplied by C. L. Edholm.



SMUGGLING CHINAMEN: HOW "CASED" ORIENTALS ARE GOT INTO THE UNITED STATES.

Many ways of smuggling Chinamen into the United States have been discovered. One dodge, found out by the Bureau of Emigration, involved the use of casks in which the pigtailed gentlemen were set afloat, to be picked up later and hauled ashore. In the photograph the place of the Chinaman is taken by a woman.—[Photograph by R. Bache.]



OF PORTLAND STONE? A REMARKABLE FOSSIL TREE AND OTHER HUGE FOSSILS.

The photograph shows some of the remarkably interesting fossils for which Portland is famous. The extraordinary height of the fossil tree seen may be judged by comparing it with the man. One fossil tree, with two V-shaped branches, found at Portland, is over 20 feet in height.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

"The Unwritten Law."

Mr. Laurence Irving is one of the young people from whom I have long expected work of permanent value. Several plays of considerable ability are to his credit, the value of which, I think, has been underrated, and some of his acting has been of remarkable merit, notably his work in "The Wild Duck." So I was very curious about "The Unwritten Law," though the title, owing to its association with some modern American ideas, seemed rather unfair, accidentally, to Dostoevski. The novel is famous: the play? Well, some called it crude melodrama; to me it seems an able, interesting psychological drama. The ingenious final stroke of the second act may be melodrama, and all the characters save one, perhaps two, are more or less non-human; but Rodion—never mind the rest of his name—is a real study of a man under strange circumstances. Picture a Hamlet with the modern physical horror at the sight of wounds and blood suddenly driven from dreaming into action, and consequently author of an act of homicide of a very "bluggy" type, and imagine that, although confident that the act was just, he has an intense desire not to be punished for it by human injustice; assume, too, that your Hamlet has inherited a heavy burden of modern nerves; perhaps I should say, throw in something of the remorse of Macbeth, and you reach Rodion after he had killed the abominable Gromoff. There is real life in the figure. It is difficult, perhaps, without thought afterwards, to believe altogether in the workings of his mind, or at the time to feel confident that the meditative author of "Progress and Homicide" really got worked up to such a pitch of wrath that he put his theories into practice and pole-axed the disgusting Gromoff; but afterwards, when one knows more about Rodion, the thing becomes credible. This statement involves a criticism about the construction of the play.

After the Murder is Over.

When the deed has been done there is an interesting combination of a study of involuntary and illogical remorse, and a thrilling struggle between the hero and Bezak, quite an entertaining kind of investigating magistrate—a Russian Sherlock Holmes who is more interesting upon the stage and diverting than any of the English or American brood that I can recollect since the days of "I am Hawkshaw the detective." The first scene in which Bezak lays a series of traps for Rodion is remarkably

clever, and thrilling too; whilst later on the combat in the scene of the murder between the guilty man and the ruthless magistrate is extraordinarily strong. There are lapses, no doubt, minutes with too many seconds in them, and needless changes of position by the characters; nevertheless, the effect is striking. If the scene were handled by a "producer" of genius like Mr. Granville Barker, all London would go and sit in shuddering joy, with emotions like those of the British tourist on his second visit to a bullfight.

The Ending. The last scene is brief and rather unsatisfactory. The honest spectator calls up all that he knows about Rodion, and a good deal that he imagines, and after the piece is over and he has got home and is thinking it over with his whisky or his cocoa, understands that the hero, in his disturbed state of mind and nerves, probably would have been moved by the texts and prayer uttered by Sonia. At the time—that is, in the playhouse—he is puzzled and incredulous; worse still, he says his is merely a "happy ending" of the common kind; and the play is melodrama. In this he is wrong, but excusably wrong. Altogether, it is an ambitious play, an able play, an interesting play, a play well worth a visit, but not quite a satisfactory play.

The Acting.

Mr. Irving's Rodion is exceedingly clever—perhaps, more than that, is remarkably powerful. There are moments when one feels that it has not been thought out completely, but the general effect is quite noteworthy. He has placed himself in a new category, and it may be said that with a strong stage-manager he might successfully try the highest parts in tragedy. Miss Mabel Hackney played Sonia ably and

sincerely, on lines not very helpful to the play. It sounds like the advice of Mammon, but one must suggest that she ought to take more advantage of her personal charm, and use her rich voice with less of the psalm-singing tone. What a hit Mr. Dalziel Heron made as a magistrate: and he deserved his success, for we have had nothing better in this line that I



HANDEL'S "L'ALLEGRO" GIVEN AT THE SAVOY THEATRE, WITH A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIVE TABLEAUX: "THE FIVE JOYS."

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.



MODERN WEARERS OF THEATRICAL CHARACTER-MASKS: A PRESENTATION OF "OEDIPUS AT COLONUS."

It seems almost unnecessary to point out to readers of "The Sketch," the majority of whom have intimate knowledge of theatrical matters, that the ancient Greek and Roman actors wore masks, covering the head and face, which were made in accordance with the general conception of the characters they portrayed. The mouths of these masks were so formed that the volume of sound was swollen. Sophocles' tragedy "Oedipus at Colonus" was not exhibited until four years after its author's death, and is believed to be his last work. It shows how Oedipus, driven from Thebes by Creon, with his daughters Antigone and Ismene, seeks asylum with Theseus at Athens, and there obtains

pardon from the gods, and peace.—[Photograph by Record Press.]

can recollect. Mr. Frank Esmond played very well, if rather jerkily, as a friend of the hero. The mounting of the play is judicious. Perhaps I should add that the reception was favourable, and the house greatly enjoyed a speech made by Mr. Irving at the end.

Play Portraits: Famous Rugger Teams.



III.—BLACKHEATH.

Blackheath began the season unfortunately, but have since found their form again. (See article elsewhere.)

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE SKETCH" BY FRANK GILLET.

KEYNOTES

THE ELGAR VIOLIN CONCERTO.

THE great difficulties associated with the composition of a violin concerto have kept some of the world's leading composers from more than a single effort in that direction. Beethoven, with his nine acknowledged symphonies, and yet another early one, recently discovered, gave us but one concerto for the violin, and other greatly gifted composers have shown a disposition to shrink from a form that is distinctly difficult and seldom grateful. It is easier to write a symphony than to write a violin concerto that shall not be banal, tiresome, or pretentious. Where you have every instrument in the orchestra under control, and can allot to each its proportions and task, the delivery of a message in music must be far easier than in cases where the claim of the predominant partner must be considered. Make the violin part too outstanding, and you have little better than a show piece, in which the orchestra is dragged in to assist; reduce the dimensions of the soloist's opportunity, and you have something akin to a symphony with solo passages for the violin. At the same time, it must be extremely hard to fetter the wings of fancy and emotion with restrictions associated with academic form, and it is not to be denied that many modern violin concerti, whatever the composer's original hope and intention, are merely vehicles in which the soloist is enabled to perform a large number of tricks, of which a part at least are more closely associated with gymnastics than music. To write noble music, and at the same time to permit a soloist to display his executive gifts throughout, is almost as difficult as to paint a picture in primary colours only, or to write an essay in words of three syllables.

In his Violin Concerto, which will be heard for the second time in London on Wednesday next (30th), Sir Edward Elgar has striven to overcome some of the difficulties that must be associated with the endeavour to justify composer, soloist, and orchestra. The new work is in B minor, and has the usual three movements; the cadenza, fully written, comes in the final allegro, and is accompanied by the orchestra. In the first movement, the modest, unpretentious entry of the solo instrument, though contrary to the established formula, is most effective, but a few moments later we find the soloist entrusted with much that is merely brilliant and difficult rather than arresting. As is usual with Sir Edward Elgar's music, it is at its best in the andante; the composer has a genius for slow movements, and the contrapuntal writing for the soloist in this section adds skill to beauty. In the final movement Elgar introduces a novelty: while the first strings are muted, the seconds "drum the chords softly, with three or four fingers." The solo violin comes in between the first and second strings, and the effect is distinctly happy. It is well for the accompanied cadenza to fall where it does, for the break between the first and second portions of the bustling finale is welcome. It is impossible to withhold admiration from the

concerto as a piece of fine composition, or to fail to see that Sir Edward Elgar has handled some striking thematic material with rarest skill. He has contrived to bring the soloist more into line with the general plan of the music than most composers have done, and has supplied him, at the same time, with sufficient difficulties to make the music almost dangerous; I mean that it will tempt virtuosos who are not great artists, and the charm that Kreisler found and expressed so delightfully at the Philharmonic Society's first concert will be lost in the mere conquest of bewildering passages.

When we turn from the details of the concerto, or, let us say, from the few that a first hearing reveals, and consider the cumulative effect of the work, admiration is less intense. When we ask ourselves whether the emotional content of the music, the passion and the beauty, the strength and the appeal, reach their appointed goal in our imagination, the question is very hard—for me at least—to answer in the affirmative. Time and again, the end seems, at a first hearing, to be disproportionate to the means; the white heat of inspiration is seldom gained and does not seem to be held; the climacteric is nearly reached again and again, and then, at the moment when all doubts are to be resolved, the strength seems to slip away, the goal is not quite reached. Listening to the concerto for the first time, I was reminded of waves on the seashore moving with natural grace and the force of a great wind towards the highwater mark, and, for all their sound and fury, always expending their greatest efforts a little below it. Perhaps the length of the work is in some way responsible for this; at times it seems to be in need of compression and concentration, though for a composer who wishes to do justice to his soloist, and at the same time to carry out an undertaking in which no soloist is really necessary, the difficulties surrounding compression must be immense.

If Elgar had elected to write another symphony, instead of a concerto, using the same ideas, and casting them in symphonic mould, he would have added to the world's worthy music; and the worst to be said against the second symphony would probably have been that it was remarkably like the first. The family likeness that the concerto bears to the first symphony is so striking that the composer's name was not necessary to declare the parentage. It is a hard and ungrateful task to express an opinion founded upon a single hearing of a work that probably took years in the writing; but the impression left is of some interesting music, with moments of inspiration, a varying level of excellence, and a frequent departure from the lines of pure and sustained beauty for the sake of the solo instrument. If Kreisler's marvellous grasp of the music as a whole, and his easy mastery of its difficulties, made this departure less apparent, it must be remembered that few of those who will play the Elgar concerto have an equivalent artistic equipment.

COMMON CHORD.



A DANCER IN THE ELYSIAN FIELDS: MISS UNA REYNOLDS.

Miss Una Reynolds, an eighteen-year-old English dancer of considerable merits, was discovered by Mme. Marie Brema, for whom she is dancing at the Savoy, notably in the Elysian Fields scene in "Orpheus," and the Water-Dance invented by Mme. Brema.

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THE PICK OF THE BUNCH.



VOICE FROM THE TANGLE: Ish thatsh Misish Smith?

VOICE FROM THE DOOR: Yes, it is!

VOICE FROM THE TANGLE: D'you mind just comin' down here an' pickin' out Mishter Smith from 'mongst ush?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

AN ACTOR'S LIFE.*

SEYMOUR HICKS, imitating in this respect many another successful actor, made his professional entry into theatrical life despite much holding up of hands on the part of relatives. When, in 1871, he was first the subject of a Press notice—in the births column of a newspaper—his father had, no doubt, already had visions of him as leader of men in battle and on parade. As it so happened, he inherited from Captain Hicks, not a love of things military, but a most decided bias towards the enchanted land across the footlights: Captain Hicks was “the crack low-comedian” in all the regimental theatricals in which he appeared, always getting up as he did the entertainments for the soldiers and their charities. Thus it came about that Edward Seymour George Hicks, having failed at his Army prelim., and having deliberately signed bills-of-lading to get quantities of champagne out of bond instead of port, that he might be discharged from the non-lucrative position of wine-merchant’s clerk in Leadenhall Street, found himself alone in London, without a penny, but his own master, determined to become actor and realise the ambitions he had held from childhood. He sought the help of an old servant, who, “after many years of hard drinking and bad cooking, kept a lodging-house.” She took him in: “The kitchen sofa was placed at my disposal,” he writes, “and the scullery sink pointed out to me as a substitute for the Turkish bath. . . . I had a roof above me and a horsehair sofa beneath.” The next move was to find work. He remembered that a friend of his family had a son who was an acting-manager. This was Lilford Arthur, who told him that if he were intent on making a fool of himself he would help him to that end: result, a visit to the old Grand at Islington, where preparations were in hand for a revival of “In the Ranks.” Says Mr. Hicks, “A boy about my own age, with a bright, smiling face, came up to me, and said, ‘Are you Hicks?’ I said that was my misfortune, and he said, ‘Well, my name’s Matthews—A. E. Matthews. I’m the prompter, and you can start supering if you like.’ Like! I nearly embraced him on the spot. ‘You can only have a shilling a night,’ he said; ‘but if you can do a small part, they’ll probably give you a bit more.’”

Mr. Hicks’s first appearance was on Nov. 11, 1887. At last he was an actor! “The way I used to manage,” he says, “was to set aside threepence a day, and walk in the afternoon from Bayswater to Islington. The piece over, I went to the nearest potato-can stall, and filling my pockets with the largest and hottest I could choose, started on my walk home, arriving there in the small hours. It was November, and the friendly potatoes kept my hands warm and then, Fregoli-like, turned themselves into the most wonderful of suppers.”

His next work was at the old Olympic. After a fortnight he was given fifteen shillings a week; a little later the duties of call-boy brought him an additional ten shillings. “This,” he writes, “was in November 1887, and, with the exception of four weeks, I have never been out of an engagement for four-and-twenty years.” He was promoted under-prompter and given a few lines soon after. The first time he ever spoke on the stage in London he gagged, and was fined a shilling. Of this he says, “I had to

exit as an office-boy, saying, ‘Good-day, Sir, I shall be back in an hour; I’m going to have a game of billiards.’ The slang catch-word of the town at the time was ‘good old’ everything, and being certain to get a laugh, as I felt, I said, ‘Good-day, Sir; I’m off to have a good old game of billiards.’ The house roared.” The first London notice he got was when he acted as prompter for a matinée performance of “Macbeth.” Clement Scott, finishing his column wrote: “And the prompter, although seen at rare intervals, soon became a favourite with the audience.” After “The Ticket-of-Leave Man” came off, he was dismissed from the theatre by one of the authors of “Christina” for a fault he could not

possibly have avoided, turned dresser to Willard for two nights, and was then taken back. Touring in the provinces followed, and there again Mr. Hicks had strange experiences: “Every Monday it was the prompter’s duty to journey round the town to various emporiums and try to borrow suites of furniture, pictures, etc., for dressing the scenes with, armed only with some free seats to be given for the loan. The keeper of an old-furniture shop at Birmingham said to me once: ‘You want a suite of old oak, do you?’ ‘Yes,’ I replied, ‘And you will give me two pit tickets for nothing?’ ‘Yes,’ I replied again. ‘Well if you don’t get out of my shop, I tell you what I’ll do.’ ‘What?’ I inquired. ‘I’ll turn you towards the setting sun and kick you in the east.’”

At Ryde, on one occasion, being in desperate need of a lifeboat, he commandeered for the purpose a skiff, whose owner he was unable to find. During the performance a policeman arrived to arrest him for stealing a boat. Stretching a point, this worthy agreed to let the piece proceed, but he would not leave his man—“Everywhere I went the policeman followed. . . . In all the bigger scenes—one of which, I remember, was laid in Egypt—there stood the policeman as part of the British Admiral’s staff, and even on the Cornish beach at the end of the play, there stood the guardian of the peace, looking at me and following me off the stage whenever I made an exit.”

Then came engagements with the Kendals to play “the boy’s” parts in America at £6 a week; at the Court, and at Toole’s Theatre, where he appeared in J. M. Barrie’s first play, “Walker, London.” Visiting the Court, after the run of “Walker, London,” he recognised a face on the stage, that of a girl of whom he had had a glimpse five years before in the manager’s office at the Princess’s Theatre. “I knew I was not mistaken; there could not be two women so dainty, so beautiful, and so fairy-

like in the world. It must be Ellaline Terriss. . . . The next morning I went to rehearsal half-an-hour before I needed, and waited impatiently. She was the last to arrive. Chudleigh, laughing at my anxiety, took me up to what appeared to me to be a very dainty piece of Dresden china! I heard the words, ‘Ella, may I introduce a great friend of mine to you—young Hicks?’ Three weeks afterwards young Hicks and the Dresden shepherdess were married at a registry office in the old parish of Brentford.” Not long afterwards, the happy pair, to use the journalese for such couples, were at the Gaiety—Miss Terriss for three years at £25, £30, and £35 a week; her husband at £15, £20, and £25 a week.

What need is there to chronicle more here? Far better buy Mr. Seymour Hicks’ book—it is well worth the reading.



FIRST MANAGERESS OF A MIDNIGHT THEATRE IN ENGLAND: MRS. MONTAGUE FOWLER (“GASTON GERVEX”).

Mrs. Montague Fowler, to whom belongs the distinction of being the first manageress of a midnight theatre in England, that theatre which was opened for one night only on the occasion of a recent reception to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, is the wife of the Rev. Montague Fowler, Rector of All Hallows Church, London Wall, chaplain to the late Archbishop Benson, and son of Sir John Fowler, the famous engineer who built the Forth Bridge. Under the name of “Gaston Gervex,” Mrs. Fowler has written several successful one-act plays, notably “The Accolade.”

* Seymour Hicks: Twenty-four Years of an Actor’s Life.” By Himself. (Alston Rivers, 2s. 6d. net.)



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE PRICE TO PAY.

By MARIAN BOWER.

THE peace of the conquered—it was put down in the Muscovite records as the “pacified”—region of Turkestan had been all that General Kauffmann, the Governor newly appointed by the great White Father in far-off Petersburg, could desire (at least, so ran the General’s proclamation somewhere about the year 1870) with but one exception, and that exception was a more than usually audacious raid, made by a certain Kirghiz tribe, who descended from the fastness of that uncomfortable region dubbed, by the very few who knew anything about it, the Roof of the World to plunder and to murder.

General Kauffmann felt himself defied, and the hero of Kars was not the man to be defied with impunity. He selected a detachment from the Russian garrison at Samarkand, and sent it off east with the curt order not to come back until a certain number of the marauding tribe had been captured—that the prisoners might be displayed to the rest of the province as tangible evidences of the might and of the long arm of Russia.

The command was easier to give than to execute. The Muscovite detachment was drawn along, first through the valleys where food of a kind, and, what was more important, water, were plentiful, then into a country which day by day grew more barren and more inhospitable.

At length the pursuers were well within the desert zone. Suddenly, as if by magic, all trace of the enemy disappeared. Then, and not until then, the Russians realised that they were entangled in a maze of shifting sand, varied only by patches of gaunt, living rock, and by depressions, brine-coated, where moisture once might have lodged, but from which it had long since dried up.

The troops had been for more than a week without any water but that which they carried with them in their skin bags, when it came to the turn of Boris de Gie, a Frenchman by origin, a rising soldier in the Russian service, to act as orderly officer for the day. It was he who had personally seen to the serving-out of the wholly inadequate supply of water; it was he who posted the sentries; it was he who had harangued the long-suffering Muscovite soldiers, telling them that they must soon get through the desert and find a land of plenty beyond. Though he spoke from hope rather than from conviction, he spoke that which was possible—nay, probable—to him; for the country was so little known that all the manifold horrors of the region of Lob-Nor, which lay between the Russian position and even the beginnings of fertility, were hidden from him.

None the less, as he wrapped himself close in his sheepskin coat, as the cutting wind which rose every night, driving particles of fine sand with it, until it burned and stung and blistered the white faces exposed to it, got up and added to the torture of his flayed cheeks, it was on the water—of what it would mean to the detachment, to him individually, if it failed, and on how little still remained—that his mind would keep running.

The thought dwelt so persistently with him that after he had visited the sentries—huddled figures in sheepskin coats, with flaps pulled low over the ears, lest the sand penetrating the drums might induce deafness before the morning; with peaks standing out over the eyes, to diminish the dangers of desert-blindness—he stood watching the vivid red of the setting sun, always with the thought of the water in his mind.

At length, driven by an impulse that had instinct, not reason, to inspire it, he set off across the encampment to where the water-bags had been buried in the sand, to lessen the loss by evaporation, after the last ration was given out.

Boris de Gie stood before the mound of loose fine sand, with the glittering mica particles in it leaping and dancing before his burning eyes. This rough heap represented his one chance of returning to Russia, of seeing Sacha again—of making her, the woman he loved supremely, his wife. It represented the one chance of salvation of

every man under him. As he contemplated it, he began to think what thirst, such thirst as men die from, would mean. Suddenly he began to be afraid of it. He put up his hands before his eyes. All the possibilities of the situation leaped up into his imagination. The sentry came round by him, saluted him; the second one—for there were two on duty here—would cross him in a moment. Boris stood still, waiting for this second man. The brief twilight began to fade, it would soon be night—night in this silent, horrible, frightening waste. He drew a step nearer to the mound. He wondered again why the sentry did not come. The outline of the heap that he himself had seen raised was growing blurred, the particles had ceased to glitter; everything was ghastly, everything was grey—and still those sentries did not cross.

Boris walked yet one step nearer the mound. He knew exactly how the water-bags were placed, the particular one which was the nearest to him. His mouth was parched now; his lips were cracked, but he could bear it to-night. He could bear it as long as the supply of water was not diminished; but if the ration were cut down by a quarter, by a half, by another quarter; if the desert should stretch onwards; if to-morrow, to-morrow, and yet to-morrow this waste continued, could he bear it then?

The question rose up in his mind, it clamoured at his consciousness; it was intensified by his love for Sacha, by his urgent need to return to Sacha.

Boris de Gie raised his bloodshot eyes: he peered into the dimness. He could not give up his life among this drifting sand. He must live. He must live to see Sacha, to hear her voice again. He swallowed, and his throat was hot. *Ciel!* If he were so thirsty now, and this was but the beginning of thirst!

With an effort, his manhood asserted itself. The darkest hour came before the dawn. To-morrow, it might be, water would be found—a gushing spring, a river flowing between banks of green reeds. He fancied he heard the splash; he fancied he felt the coolness; he fancied the drops were falling from the hand that he had dipped into the flowing stream. The next instant he realised that he was dreaming, that the reality was—the coming night, the cutting wind, his blistered face, his parched tongue.

With a groan Boris fell on his knees. *Dieu! Bon Dieu!* he was thirsty now—and there might be no water on the morrow.

He sank forward, he plunged his hands into the sand. The sentry had not returned, neither sentry had returned; it was his business to rise and see how the extraordinary neglect had occurred—not to lie there given over to panic before there was any real justification for fear.

He was saying this to himself, and then, in the dimness, a clamour reached his ears. It was the sound of men wailing together for fear, wailing as animals do when an earthquake is imminent. Boris heard, and the horror which floated onwards to him, coupled with the horror tugging at his own heart, deprived him of the power, of the will to move. Instead he thrust his hands farther into the sand. A little, so little more, and he would feel the skin bags. So many were still taut, pressed out by a full complement of fluid within them; one was but half full; so many—so very many—were empty.

The wailing by the Colonel’s tent had ceased. The sentries had not yet been round. Boris de Gie listened. Something, he knew, had happened, something that would increase the hardship of the situation, something more terrible than had been anticipated or foreseen.

Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder. His first impulse was of thankfulness for the human touch; his next to jerk himself upright. He got on to his feet; he stood beside another man huddled in such a sheepskin garment as he himself wore.

“Boris de Gie,” this other man commented as soon as he had seen the face turned to him, “the orderly officer for the day—the

one man who knows the exact position of the water-bags. You got here before me, I suppose?"

Boris swung round on the speaker.

"You are Shouvalouff," he cried out. "You say I have got here before you. What do you mean?"

Ivan Shouvalouff laughed the grim, soft laugh which showed there was a strain of Tartar in his blood.

"I have a native knife with me," he went on, instead of answering the question put to him. "I brought it on purpose. You have only your revolver, and you dare not risk a shot. You know that you dare not risk a shot. I could have put my knife into you as I came up and found you grovelling in the sand, but it occurred to me that you must know more than I do. It seems I was right. Time presses—"

"Time presses," interrupted Boris—his thirst, his apprehension momentarily thrust aside by this new development. "What do you mean?"

He straightened himself, he faced round on the man by him. He and Ivan Shouvalouff, though they were both officers in the same regiment, had never been intimate. Boris shrank instinctively from the unscrupulous nature that lurked behind the suave, conciliatory manner of Shouvalouff's everyday intercourse. Besides, since a Russian can be a Russian and yet draw a tight line, there were tales connected with Shouvalouff which had not pleased De Gie's fastidious nature.

Now, as Boris stood with the shadows lengthening and the wind blowing sharper as the sun went down, he remembered this.

"I ask you again, Shouvalouff," he said, "what do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" repeated Shouvalouff. "You came here before me, though I did not lose much time, because you knew exactly what brings me now."

"I know nothing," contradicted Boris.

Shouvalouff edged up very close. He was a little the smaller man, but he had heavy shoulders, and the strength of his arm was proverbial.

"Do you not know," he demanded, "that a tribesman crawled in not ten minutes ago; that the wretch maintains that he is the only thing living for miles and miles; that, instead of being about through the desert, as we expected, we are but on the fringe of it?"

Shouvalouff paused. Boris looked at the mound.

"On the fringe," he repeated, below his breath. "*Bon Dieu!* but on the fringe!"

"You know," went on Shouvalouff, "that if we turn back to-morrow not one in twenty of us will live to tell the tale if we turn back with only the supply of water there"—and he put his heavy hand on the other man's arm and pressed it, to show that he indicated the mound—"to rely on. Yet the native swears there is not a pool, not a spring, not a well which we can reach if we go on."

Boris heard. He stood still. He knew again that he was thirsty, and that this was but the beginning of thirst.

"Then?" he whispered, very slowly.

"Then?" repeated Shouvalouff. He waited. "Then?" he prompted anew, as Boris neither moved nor spoke.

It was a minute or two before Boris de Gie turned round on the man waiting by his elbow.

"Then, man," he groaned, "it is death—such a death!—for ten of us, for twenty—for more—for the majority of us!"

Shouvalouff nodded. He looked backwards towards the Colonel's tent. He thought the black mass had increased; he thought that the wailing had stopped and that there was an accent of discussion in the murmurs borne down towards him. That last consideration hurried him.

"Come," he said, "we must be quick."

"To do what?" cried out Boris.

Shouvalouff stepped back again close up to De Gie.

"Fool!" he hissed, all the smoothness gone out of his manner, and the brutality, the ferocity of the untamed Tartar taking its place; "do you not realise? One of the men in the detachment understood the tribesman's dialect. He acted as interpreter, and he spread the report of what the native said. The news spread like wildfire; the sentries ran in—the sentries that ought to have been here, going round this mound among them. It was seeing them come in which first put my plan into my mind. At present the detachment only clamours to be led back. They think slowly, but they come to the point in time. The point is, they cannot get back on that water. They have not thought of that yet. They will—in a little. That little, before they realise that water for three days will not suffice for ten at the least, is our one chance, yours and mine, for you shall share with me since you are here if you will help me, though—do not forget this—I have a knife and you have none."

"What do you wish me to do?" asked Boris. Perhaps he guessed, perhaps he was more than half certain; but Shouvalouff must put his plan into words, into plain words, which there could be no mistaking.

"Don't you see?" whispered Shouvalouff, and his tone was testy, suspicious. "You and I must be beforehand—"

"With what?" demanded Boris.

Again Shouvalouff fell back on his first assertion. But he varied the form of it: he made it a question now.

"Will the water suffice for the detachment until we can march back to the last spring?" he questioned.

"No," returned Boris.

"Then?" insinuated Shouvalouff.

He edged down his knife, the native knife that had been hidden up his sleeve. He grasped the handle firmly; he moved the blade, the long, curved blade, until it rested right up against De Gie's side.

"The exact position of the water-bags," he demanded abruptly.

"Why do you want to know?" asked Boris.

Shouvalouff laughed—the laugh which always made those who heard it shiver.

"Why?" he repeated. "Because," he went on, whispering vehemently, insistently, "I will not die of thirst. I will not leave my bones in this desert. I want to live. I will live! You, since you are here too, and there is enough for both of us, may live as well if you like—that is for you to decide; but, if I have to put my knife into you as you stand by me, I will live! I tell you, I mean to live!"

"How will you live?" returned Boris.

Shouvalouff pressed the knife until it dented in the sheepskin coat it rested against. He had but to turn his wrist, and the blade, that blade of Damascus steel, sharpened as only such weapons will sharpen, would be thrust in, to find its home between the ribs. Boris de Gie moved his hand towards his revolver.

"Before you can bring it out your blood will be moistening the sand," Shouvalouff assured him.

Boris bent his head: he took out his hand again, let it fall down by his side. He stood still, and apparently he acknowledged that Shouvalouff had got the better of him, that he was at Shouvalouff's mercy.

"Tell me," went on Shouvalouff, "where are the water-bags? Indicate the exact position of them."

Boris heard. He was young, he was ambitious, he loved life. He had been successful. Above all, there was Sacha, Sacha with the glorious voice, with the deep eyes, with her tantalising, bewildering smile.

Boris de Gie bent forward. Nothing could save the detachment. Two men might live, but the majority could not. He had feared thirst so much when it was but a possibility that it had half-maddened him. Now, when it was close on him, when it was the alternative with death—

He drew himself up again.

"There is one bag half-filled," he began, and his tone was so calm, so quiet. "A man could lift that by himself, and it would suffice for two men for ten days. It is—"

He stopped.

"Where is it, man?" demanded Shouvalouff.

In his eagerness, goaded by the words he had just heard, Shouvalouff walked a pace nearer to the mound. He was before Boris now; he would have to turn about to drive the knife home.

De Gie marked that. He looked before him out into the dimness to where the desert was hidden by the coming night. Out there, far away out there, but still in that direction, was Sacha, and he loved Sacha as a man only loves a woman once in his life.

For an instant his lips twitched, quivered; then he looked down at Shouvalouff waiting for him to speak.

"The half-filled skin bag is a little to the left of you; it is the one nearest to the surface. I had it placed on the top to be ready for the morning," he went on. "I think, if you thrust your arm well in, you might find it."

A sound which was hardly human—it was so filled with the primitive instinct of self first, at any price—gurgled from Shouvalouff's lips. He leaned forward, he moved his left arm towards the mound—not his right; the right still hung on to the knife. Boris saw that. Shouvalouff's great broad hand touched the loose sand; he doubled his big fist, thrust it into the mound.

Boris de Gie looked down. There was a peculiar smile on his lips, and though he watched eagerly, intently, there was peace, not cupidity, on his face; and the light in the blue eyes, bloodshot as they were, swollen as were the lids, reddened as were the rims, was that of a man at peace.

"Is the water-bag about here?" Shouvalouff asked, as he looked up again.

Boris nodded. Shouvalouff's arm was in now to the elbow. But the other one, the right one, with the knife in it, still lay along the top of the mound.

"Sacha," whispered Boris, yet once more. He closed his eyes. Once more, in imagination, he was back with Sacha; he heard the rustle of her gown, smelt the perfume of the violets that were always tucked into her bodice, felt her hands in his.

Then he began to smile. He slipped his hand very gently, very cautiously into the sheepskin coat. He took a firm hold on the revolver—he looked west again, west towards Sacha, because he knew exactly what he was doing, what would be the outcome of it, and then he whipped out the weapon.

Shouvalouff felt the movement. With an imprecation he sprang upright. The long, curved blade gleamed in the greyness, shone a second as moonlight shines on the sleeping pool. The next instant that light was veiled, there was a sighing hiss as the steel buried itself in the palpitating human flesh.

Boris de Gie had received his death-blow, and he knew it. He sank down on the sand, but as he fell the report of a pistol cracked into the dimness, and the noise, echoing through the stillness, aroused the half-demented men by the Colonel's tent to the perception that something was passing by the water. With one accord, men, officers, the Colonel himself, made to that mound. When the first man reached him, Boris just lived, just breathed. He opened his eyes once; he smiled at the rough, weather-tanned face bent anxiously down to him, and he smiled as he might have done at the woman he loved.

THE END.

SOLED ; BUT NOT YET HEALED !



THE EXPERIENCED AIRMAN: We're dropping too fast. We're too heavy. There's only one thing to be done.
We must take off our boots.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDLY.

THE SEX PROBLEM.



THE VIOLINIST: I want an E string.

THE NEW ASSISTANT: Would you mind selecting one for yourself, Sir? I 'ardly know the 'es from the shes yet.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.

SMALL TALK

THE day after to-morrow the Duke of Norfolk establishes a record that will bring him congratulations from most of his friends, but from his fellow-Dukes perhaps only condolences! Friday finds him fifty years a Duke. The whisperers of ill-omens, who noted he was thirteen when he succeeded his father, have been set at naught. At the age of sixty-three the premier Duke is still in possession of the honours that now celebrate in his regard their golden jubilee. The Duke has chosen to take life strenuously. Never has he shirked, or even postponed, a duty that offered itself. Duties have thrust themselves forward in thousands, and he has grasped them, until it may fairly be said—especially at Coronation time and he Earl Marshal—that he is one of the busiest men in Europe. The marriage of his parents, by the way, lent itself to a *mol.* When the former Duke fell in love with Miss Pitt he was sent, not to work it off, but to idle it off in Greece. "He has returned engaged to Miss Lyons," wrote "Dizzy" to his sister at the time, adding: "It is said that he escaped from the Pit only to fall into the Lion's mouth."

"Mr. Arthur." "A man of extraordinary ability," is Lady Dorothy Nevill's verdict on Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, whose engagement to Miss Annie Vere Cole is just announced. And there are many people, including Miss Hope and her promised father-in-law, who will agree with this particular allocation of praise. "Though he has not yet entered the House of Commons," continues Lady Dorothy, "he takes the keenest interest in the cause for which his father has been such a splendid fighter." In personal appearance "Mr. Arthur" would easily be known anywhere for a Chamberlain, though he has not quite attained to

Hopwood, is a much-valued A.D.C. to Viscount Gladstone, and her father, Sir Francis Hopwood, is now in attendance upon the Duke of Connaught. Sir Francis suffered the far more unhappy loss of a daughter on the eve of his departure to South Africa, and it is on account of her sister's death that Miss Hopwood's wedding in January will be celebrated very quietly at North Mimms. "South African engagements" have still a rather ugly sound in English ears, but we shall now begin to associate the phrase with love rather than with war.

A Stourton Wedding. Captain Herbert von Metzach - Reichenbach, of Dresden, is not so entirely of Dresden as his name suggests; and when he marries the Hon. Matilda Stourton to-morrow at the Brompton Oratory, he will only be adding another feminine link to the chain that binds him to England, his mother being the late Lord Goschen's sister. Miss Matilda Stourton, who, when she likes, can glance at a family-table that carries back the eye to the fourteenth century, is a sister of Lord Mowbray and Stourton. She has, besides, five sisters, who flatter themselves they are, after long practice, proficient in the pronunciation of her new name.

Parties and Parties. Hostesses have been pictured in the act of wringing their hands at the first threat of a Dissolution. As a matter of fact, a crisis in the political world gives spice to many a house-party. Lord and Lady Denman, both of them keen politicians, were nothing loth to have as their guest

on a momentous day the Liberal leader of the Lords, even if he was too preoccupied with grave affairs to pay much attention to the ordinary amenities of country life. What if the lovely stretch of Sussex Downs lying before the door of Balcombe Place were forgotten in the



LADY MARY PEPYS AND MR. ELIAS CORBALLY, WHOSE MARRIAGE IS TO TAKE PLACE AT BROMPTON ORATORY ON SATURDAY (26TH). Lady Mary Pepys is the only daughter of the late Earl of Cottenham, and Theodosia Countess of Cottenham. Mr. Elias Corbally, of Rathbeale Hall, Co. Dublin, is the eldest son of the late Mr. Matthew J. Corbally. — [Photographs by Val l'Estrange.]



TO MARRY MISS IDA MARTIN TO-DAY: MR. RONALD G. CRUICKSHANK. Mr. Cruickshank is the only surviving son of Mr. David Cruickshank. Photograph by Thomson.



TO MARRY MISS ERNESTINE BOWES-LYON TO-DAY: MR. FRANK W. SCOTT. Mr. Scott is the son of Mr. Walter Scott, of Mostyn, Tadworth, Surrey. Photograph by Thomson.

"Mr. Austen's" reproduction of his father's House of Commons manner.

A South African Engagement. High places in South Africa were all made aware of Miss Gladys Hopwood's engagement before the news reached England. For her fiancé, Lieutenant

discussion of the "down" on the Lords? What if the splendid music-room rang with expressions of political agreement instead of with the discords of Strauss? Certainly Lord and Lady Chesterfield and the other guests did not find their week-end the duller on that account.



TO MARRY MR. RONALD GORDON CRUICKSHANK TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY): MISS IDA MARTIN.

Miss Ida Martin, who is to marry Mr. Ronald G. Cruickshank, barrister-at-law, to-day, is the only daughter of the late Sir Aquin Martin. Photograph by Rita Martin.



TO MARRY MR. FRANK W. SCOTT TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY): MISS ERNESTINE BOWES-LYON.

Miss Bowes-Lyon is daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Ernest Bowes-Lyon, of 22, Ovington Square, and granddaughter of the late Earl of Strathmore. Photograph by Thomson.



By HENRY LEACH.

The Ladies' Golf Boom.

Following on the little boom that has arisen in ladies' golf, of which I made mention on this page last week—and when you come to consider it, this boom is not such a little one either—I have made some inquiries as to the resources of the Metropolis in the matter, having some suspicion that they were not adequate if there happened to be any considerable "run" on the game by the sex who drive so far upon occasion as to discount considerably the old belief that they are so very, very gentle. The suspicion was strengthened appreciably by two or three letters received lately upon the subject, and certain representations that have been made to the end that complaints might be urged on behalf of the fair correspondents. And the truth seems to be that the resources of the Metropolitan golfing area are not sufficient to withstand any considerable new boom in feminine golf, and that something will have to be done, and to be done quickly, or there may be most serious trouble; but what it should be no man can truly and in detail explain. There is one little piece of advice that may very safely be given to prospective lady golfers, or those who have already nibbled at the game, but have not yet gone to the length and the expense of joining a club, and that is, if they have found one where there are still some vacancies in the list of lady members, and the place and the course please them and are convenient, let them join quickly, lest, perchance, others should do so before them and they should have to linger impatiently on the waiting-list.

100,000 Lady Golfers?

It is said that there are over 30,000 members of the Ladies' Golf Union—through their clubs—and there must be many other thousands who are not members of that excellent institution. All the signs of the times point to a vast increase in the lady golfing population in the near future, and some will be disposed to estimate that there will be a hundred thousand lady players of this game in the country before next year has run its course. A very large proportion of these will belong to London. In man's golf the estimates indicate that one in ten of the players in the British Isles are in the London zone. Most likely it is about the same with the ladies. Anyhow, it is reckoned that there are about 5000 of them in the Metropolitan quarter now, with a probability of the number going up to 10,000. It is safe to say that there is not course accommodation under present conditions for anything like that number. Already at some of the clubs there are long waiting-lists. What will be done when there is no

more room left anywhere? To begin with, there will be various agitations set up for extending the limits put on lady memberships, and at the same time, if not before, there will be complaints about the restrictions that are placed on the members of this section of clubs, by which they are not allowed to play for more than five days of the week, and sometimes only on those five under specified conditions. In some cases, also, the ladies will want to know why they have no votes in the management of the clubs. A great all-round movement will be set up. But there is great doubt as to whether it will achieve much success in the ways suggested. On most Metropolitan courses there is hardly room enough for the men on the busy days, and soon there may be an outcry for more clubs for them—clubs close in to town, that is; and the answer to ladies' complaints, as mentioned, is that they do not pay the full subscription money, and are there—if it must be said—on sufferance.



NEW PROFESSIONAL AT ST. ANDREWS:
ANDREW KIRKALDY.

Andrew Kirkaldy, one of the great golfing characters, was in the Army for eight years and fought at Tel-el-Kebir. He was second in the Championship in 1879, when he was nineteen; second also in 1889 and 1891; and third in 1895. He played for Scotland against England in 1904, 1905, 1907, and 1909, and was chosen to play in 1908.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



THE BOY KING OF UGANDA AS GOLFER: H.H. THE KABAKA AND A GROUP OF OTHER MEMBERS OF THE UGANDA GOLF CLUB.

Uganda is recognised as a native kingdom under a Kabaka. The present ruler, H.H. Daudi Chua, is a minor, under a regency of three native chiefs. Concerning this photograph, our correspondent writes: "There are two golf clubs in Uganda, both with nine-hole courses—one at Kampala, the capital, and the other at Entebbe, the chief seat of government. The Uganda Golf Club at Kampala, of which the young King is a member, was laid out by the present acting-Governor about six years ago, and is a very sporting little course. The greens, though small, are perfect. There are always monthly competitions and yearly challenge cups. The King enters for all these. His handicap when I left was twenty-four, but as he is improving so rapidly, and drives such a good ball, it is probably lowered by now. He is just fourteen, and quite a boy in every way. His keenness in games—both golf and football—is due to the instruction of his tutor, Mr. J. C. Sturrock, an old Carthusian."

My inquiries show that there are still a few vacancies, fast being filled up, at certain good clubs in the London district where ladies' golf is practised most extensively. Mr. McCaul tells me that at his excellent Burhill, where there are two courses, on one of which the ladies have full rights though it is a man's course, and can play every day of the week, there are about forty vacancies in a full list of three hundred. At Beckenham, where a hundred "lady associates" are allowed, there are now only five vacancies; at Acton the ladies' section is full, but there may be a few vacancies at the beginning of the financial year next month. Barnehurst, which is pre-eminently a ladies' club, and, so far as I am aware, the only one of its kind in the London district, having a lady secretary in Miss D. Evans, and a committee of ladies only (the men being relegated to an "advisory committee"),

the membership is not yet quite full. At the highly popular Mid-Surrey, where there are about five hundred lady members, there is a waiting list of a hundred, and it is fast increasing, so that by the end of the year it is expected to be half as long again, and it will then take any new candidates three years to get in. I am told that in the course of the year at this club the ladies account for about 15,000 teas and for about 500 dinners in the summer months! Such are the wonders of ladies' golf. Some good judges fancy that before long there will be a movement for establishing a big new ladies' golf club, and perhaps some smaller ones, but where—that is properly convenient to town—they will find their courses I cannot think, unless it is on the north side.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Michelines Score in the States.

It may well be supposed that our American cousins are not bubbling over with delight at the result of the American Grand Prix and the Tudemann Trophy, for in both of these events cars by alien makers scored triumphantly. The German-built Benz fliers finished first and second, being driven by Bruce Brown and Henéry respectively, while a Lancia proved triumphant in the Tudemann. According to the sparse accounts at present to hand, a F.I.A.T. car was

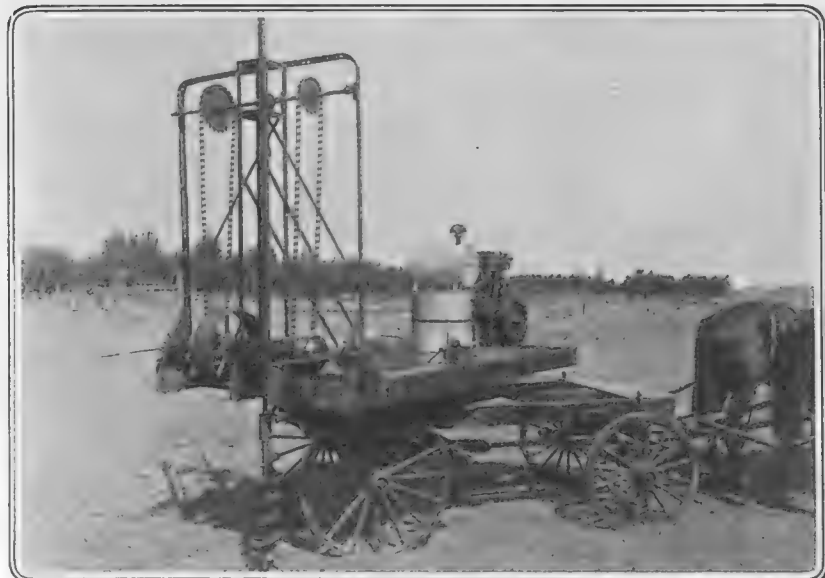
also frank the turnstiles the present undesirable state of things must obtain. On the high-fee days, free admission should be granted only to those who are actually concerned with the conduct of the exhibition, and to the journalists who do so much to give it bold advertisement. Or a fee of two-and-sixpence should obtain on every day until four o'clock, except the two Saturdays upon which the Show is open. Then the reduced fees to the members of the Royal Automobile Club, the Motor Union, and the Automobile Association should not again be granted.

A Royal Duke in the Chair.

Motorists generally, and the members of the Royal Automobile Club in particular, will rejoice that the Club, as the leading organisation of the movement, is to retain its double-barrelled connection with our royal family. His Majesty King George V. having followed in his revered father's footsteps in the matter of the patronage of the Club, the Duke of Teck has picked up the reins of Chairmanship, so lately fallen from the strong guiding hands of his lamented brother, Prince Francis. In any position of the kind the late Prince would be hard to follow, but the members of his august House appear to possess a natural bent for serving the public in hard-working and useful capacities. It is a matter of great content with the members of the Club that the Duke should have come forward so promptly and so willingly to fill the void his much-regretted brother left behind him.

Private and Public Carburetters.

The all-round evidences of the chassis at Olympia point to increased adoption of proprietary carburetters by many of the leading makers. Where in the past certain makes of cars had been found fitted with carburetters of special design, they have now made way for such excellent and well-tried devices as the Claudel-Hobson, the Zenith, and other carburetting apparatus. Specialisation in such productions should, of course, make for improvement, but with so canny and so feminine a thing as an internal-combustion engine, it seems to me that carburetters should be designed for and modified to each particular make of engine. I am quite aware that the commercial side of the question must be taken into consideration in these days of fierce competition; but it is nevertheless a fact that certain of the acknowledged leading makers are still found with their own-peculiar carburetters, and that after many of the proprietary articles had been very carefully



EARTH-BORING BY MOTOR: A PETROL-DRIVEN MACHINE DIGGING HOLES FOR FENCES.

The boring-machine is used in California for boring holes for such things as the supports of fences, telephone-poles, and telegraph-poles. With one of them some twenty-five miles of holes were bored for fencing the right-of-way of the Western Pacific Railroad. It did the work of from twelve to fifteen men. A vertical engine of the double-cylinder type, which develops 7½-h.p., is used. When large holes are required, a 12-h.p. engine is used to drive an 18-inch auger reaching a depth of 6½ ft.

well up in the front rank until the last circuit; but a smash put the Italian out of the running, and the Teutonic cars fought it out between them. But, after all, the concrete honour would appear to have fallen to Bibendum, seeing that the first six cars in the big race, and the winners of the Savannah and Tudemann Trophies, were all fitted with Michelin tyres and Michelin detachable rims. This is far from being the first time that Michelin has shared international honours with leading car-makers.

Show Reform.

It is now freely admitted that a very large volume of business was transacted at the late Motor Exhibition, but it is not improbable that this particular volume of trade might have been considerably swollen but for the discomfort of getting about the Show caused by the serious overcrowding. While it is, of course, peculiarly gratifying to find such keen public interest taken in automobilism, it must have been, to say the least of it, disconcerting for real intending purchasers, bent on careful selection, to be elbowed here, there, and everywhere by a seething crowd. Also, the exhibitors could not have viewed their customers' inconvenience and discomfort with equanimity. It would have been thought that the institution of a five-shilling day would have the effect of reducing the pressure; but, as a matter of fact, the jam was nearly as bad on that day as on any other, while the half-crown charge had no effect whatever on the attendance. It certainly appeared that the majority of the visitors on the two days in question were ticket-entered, but the actual turnstile returns would decide this point conclusively.

A Restricted Gate.

Now the trade runs the Show, and as the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders represent the trade, it remains for them to say whether their annual exhibition shall be a function for the promotion and propagation of business, or whether it shall be regarded as a source of profit to the Society, with such business as can be done thrown in. While the tickets issued so widely



A GREAT COMPOSER AT PLAY: MASCAGNI TAKING PART IN A MOCK MOTOR ACCIDENT AND RESCUE.

Signor Mascagni may be seen in the driver's seat of the car, smoking a cigar. Also in the car are his wife, and his sons, Dino and Mimi.

tried. On the other hand, some engines are peculiarly suited by an outsider carburetter, and in this connection I have only to instance the wonderfully swift and sweet acceleration with which the Ware carburetter endows the 15-h.p. Straker-Squire.

[Continued on a later page.]

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

National Hunt Season.

Everything points to a busy jumping season. The fixture-list is full, and, provided the winter is favourable, it will be possible to attend a meeting from London almost every day from the closing of the flat season on Nov. 26 until the next flat-racing season opens at Lincoln on March 20, 1911. Several new patrons of the winter sport are announced. Lord and Lady Torrington will run some useful horses, and a rumour has it that Mr. Sol. Joel will have one or two jumpers in training at Batho's place near Eastbourne. A number of ladies are this year running horses under National Hunt rules, and they meet with quite a share of success. Good prizes are offered by the Sandown, Kempton, Hurst Park, Newbury, Gatwick, and Lingfield managers, so that sport in the Metropolitan district should be of the best. There are more jumpers in training at Epsom than has been the case for a number of years, and the Lewes stables are filled, while Captain Whitaker has a large number of horses under his charge at Royston. One or two of the Newmarket trainers are going in for jumpers, and even in the north of England the game has caught on, and fields may be larger at Haydock and Manchester than they have been for many years. Stay-at-home backers should go very quietly during the qualifying period, and it would not be safe to back any animal out for the first time before February. R. Gore has some of the best 'chasers in his stable at the present time, and many people are anxious to see what weights will be given Cackler and Jerry M. in the next Grand National. The latter, it will be remembered, ran second to Jenkinstown last year. Coulthwaite, who trained the winner, has Leinster under his charge, and the old horse is sure to be again quite up to his best form.

Backers and Layers. A big bookmaker freely confessed to me the other day that the ring had won money this

year. It seems that more than the usual number of big plunges have come undone, while starting-price coups have not been so successful as usual. I am very glad to hear that the starting-price operating schools are in the habit of opposing each other, and often we find, when a starting-price coup has been beaten, the winning horse has also been the medium of a starting-price job. There is a stable that is controlled in its betting transactions by the commands of the trainer. When he tells his masters to bet they put their maximum on, as they know the animal recommended has at least 7 lb. in hand. The members of this stable are feared by the layers, many of whom refuse point-blank to offer any price at all against the horses the stable are anxious to back. All the principal handicaps of the year have been won by outsiders, or by horses that have not been mentioned in the betting before the day of the race. The

result of this has been a heavy loss to little punters. The professional backers, I am told, have held their own; but they seem to know when to bet and what to back. How they know this is known only to themselves. A great deal of the heaviest betting now takes place in the cheap rings, as owners have discovered that in the small rings bookmakers are far more liberal in their offers than those who stand on the rails in Tattersall's enclosure. I am not sure, by-the-bye, that double-event betting in Tattersall's ring in which the layer knows for certain that one of the horses is a non-starter could not be voided by the rules of betting, which say a man cannot lose if he has no chance of winning. The layer knows at the time that the backer has no chance of winning.



THE NEW MASTER OF THE ALBRIGHTON:
MAJOR C. G. MAYALL.
Photograph by J. Harper.

for a great falling-off in the receipts; but the directors recommend the same dividend as last year—namely, 20 per cent, free of income tax, carrying forward £1836 to the next account. This, I take it, is a good move, and I am

more than surprised that the Hurst Park management did not pay 10 per cent. dividend, as usual, on the last account, seeing that they are tied down to that figure. To give an idea of the heavy expenses attendant on the running of a successful racecourse, it may be added that during the last financial year at Kempton the following sums had to be paid: ticket-sellers, gate-keepers, etc., £1482; judge, handicappers and starter, weighing-room officials, etc., £789; police, £1292. In addition, the clerk of the course got £600, the secretary to the company £100; while rates, taxes, and insurance totalled up to £3871. Then there were the wages of the regular labourers, also attendants at hurdle and steeplechase meetings, £1353; while repairs, extensions, and renewals cost £2617. Luckily, the club boasts 1200 members.



DESTROYED AFTER SHYING AT A MOTOR AND BREAKING A LEG:
EAGER, THE RACEHORSE WHICH BEAT ROYAL FLUSH.

Eager shied at a passing motor-car the other day and broke a leg. The damage was so great that the horse had to be destroyed. Eager won some twenty races, including the Hurst Park Gold Cup. This trophy was given by Mr. Joe Davis for a match between Eager, which was then looked upon as our best sprinter, and Royal Flush, which had done exceedingly well in American hands. Eager was ridden by Mornington Cannon; Royal Flush, by Lester Rieff. Eager won easily.

Photograph by Sport and General.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

A Lecture de Luxe. When Madame la Duchesse de Rohan gave a lecture the other night at Marble Arch House before M. Paul Cambon and a contingent of the French Embassy, this distinguished woman showed us how the thing ought to be done. Personally, I have never before, with the best will in the world, been able to keep quite awake at a lecture, no matter how enthralling the subject or how interesting the chief performer. There is something hypnotising about the platform, the two lighted candles, the jug of water, and the glass, which are the classical *mise-en-scène* at this form of entertainment. I think it is partly because the speaker, usually untrained in the arts of rhetoric, is apt to be monotonous in tone, while it is only too plain that he—like his audience—is not enjoying himself. But the Duchesse de Rohan, who is witty, charming, and widely travelled, did enjoy herself at her own *conférence*, with the inevitable result that the audience went laughing away. She spoke to us, for

nearly an hour, of the Caucasus, leaving one with an irresistible desire to take the first train to Tiflis. Then the Duchesse read us verses and ballads, which made purple patches in the lighter texture of her address; and wound up with a story of how Princesse Murat circumvented the picturesque horse-stealers who periodically emptied her stables. In the Caucasus, it appears, unfaithful husbands are condemned to ride horses with docked tails. The Princesse, learning this curious local custom, caused her nags' tails to be shortened, and not one disappeared thereafter!

Our Valiant Knights. A few years ago, it required considerable courage for a man, in England, to be a Feminist; nowadays, not only do we have all the Intellectuals with us, but the man in the street has become amazingly friendly.

From Sir Edward Grey to Mr. Bernard Shaw, from Lord Lytton to Mr. Henry Nevinston, we have every class of distinguished man fighting in the cause of woman's emancipation. Some of them give vent to their enthusiasm in the quaintest manner. Thus, Mr. Granville Barker has declared, in arresting phrase, that he "would rather have all women over six feet high and all women who bear the name of Amelia Jane enfranchised than that they should get nothing at all." Again, what would have been thought, fifty years ago, of Professor Woodworth's dic-

single and earning her own living she is not violating every law, human and divine.

Badly Dressed Boys.

Street or Piccadilly Man looks beautiful. Time was—not so long ago—when he was shining and dazzling beyond compare. He wore a moustache if it suited him; sometimes, in extreme cases, a short Vandyke beard. Nowadays, he must be clean-shaven and abnormally short-haired, whether the fashion becomes him or not, with the result that, under his ugly little, hard "bowler" hat, he oftentimes looks all ears, the rest of his features disappearing into insignificance. Nor do his short, turned-up trousers and garish socks add to his attractions; while the overcoat, with its half-hearted attempt at a "waist," is singularly unsuited to the *négligé* which is aimed at in the modern boy's attire. Then at night, it is being everywhere remarked, instead of arraying himself, as to his tie and waistcoat, like the lilies of the field, he knots an inch of black silk round his neck and wears a black waistcoat and a dinner-jacket at the Opera. And the worst of it is that, as London sets the fashion in men's clothes to the entire masculine world which doesn't wear petticoats, castans, and turbans, we cannot escape this unpleasing spectacle. These things will meet us in Paris and New York, in Berlin and Monte Carlo, for all peoples model themselves according to the caprice of the Gilded Youth who strolls along Piccadilly. He should take his responsibilities seriously, and not select lightly fashions which are unlovely in themselves, and which, adopted by the whole of civilised mankind, are little short of exasperating.

Those Green Parrots.

I have always had a sneaking desire to wear a green parrot in my hat, seeing that it has a cheerful, and even saucy effect; but I have hitherto been restrained from motives of bird altruism. And now it appears that we are ruining the Indian peasant by not buying, for personal adornment, the millions of gay parrots which swarm like the dun-coloured sparrows do in England—and simply devastate his crops. Some time ago the Indian Government, in obedience to earnest feather-faddists here, prohibited the export of these little green birds. The result is that they have to be killed by the agriculturist all the same, only that he used to make a few guineas on the sale of their pretty feathers, while now he makes nothing at all. There are hundreds of women who object, on conscientious grounds, to sporting a gull's wing, and yet the seagulls are as numerous as pebbles on the shore, and, moreover, are the destroyers of the finer kinds of fish, particularly of the youthful turbot. And so it is that even on the vexed question of white seagulls and green parrots there is, as in everything mundane, "another side."

Someone has at last called to account, in the morning papers, our Gilded but badly dressed Youth. No one who takes a walk down Bond of a morning can say that the Modern Young



[Copyright.]

ROSES OF DECEMBER: A BLUE-GRAY SATIN HAT WITH VELVET BRIM, FINISHED WITH A BAND OF FUR AND A BUNCH OF ROSES.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



[Copyright.]

THE LITTLE UNDERGROUND BURROWER IN FASHION: A VERY SMART WALKING-DRESS IN BLUE-GRAY CLOTH TRIMMED WITH MOLESKIN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

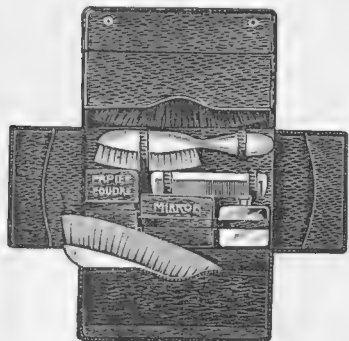
tum that "the perfect human type of the future will be the spinster following a business career." Even twenty years ago, she hardly had a career, except in teaching, nursing, or the stage. Now it is conceded not only that she should have it, but that in remaining

THE WOMAN - ABOUT - TOWN.

Fluid France. In days gone by, the smart Frenchwoman was wont to look on her English neigh-

bours as outer barbarians where dress was concerned. A waterproof and an umbrella, said Mlle. La Parisienne, were what the mad English-women liked best to wear. Now we might say of our sprightly Parisian sisters that a waterproof and umbrella, goloshes and a boat would prove comforts and conveniences to them. However, we deserved their contempt in those days gone by; and we have none for them now, only pity. After all, Paris has suffered enough from floods and strikes. When the

railway strike began, there was a tremendous run on candlesticks and candles by the managers of hotels. La Ville Lumière has no gas to fall back on if the electric supply is cut off. On the whole, French-women are in a sore plight—floods by day, darkness by night, with little opportunity to



BEAUTY'S TOILET - TABLE IMPEDIMENTA: A CASE FOR A LADY.

At Messrs. John Pound and Co.'s.

display *chic* and original costumes. Possibly the designer of the present straight-up-and-down mode, with a big hat at the top, had the limited accommodation of Noah's Ark in view; it now remains for him to supply his smart clients with personal illuminants under the brims of their hats.

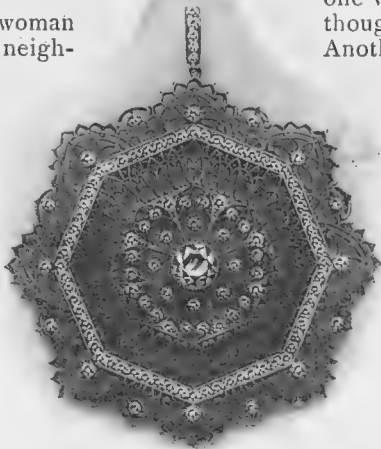
**For Luxury,
Not for Incapacity.**

The ancients were hard and hardy plants. They sat up straight on uncomfortable chairs; they had little ease, and less amusement. We are at the other extreme, and, like the lady in the song, "What the waur are we?" A really luxurious chair is a gift for which to thank our tutelary deities. These take the form of J. Foot and Son, Ltd., 171, New Bond Street. Their chair called the "Burlington" is a haven of blessed ease to a tired man or woman. It is made with springs to suit individual taste. By a finger-weight on a spring, the occupier moves the back to suit whatever position he wishes to occupy. I write "he" advisedly, for, if women appreciate a luxurious chair, men adore it. The foot-rest draws out and forms a footstool or a leg-rest, adaptable to any position. The sides open, so that getting into haven—I had almost put in the "e"—is invitingly easy. There are cushioned pieces at either side of the head to keep away draughts; there is a broad table fitting across the chair, so that the occupant can play patience—this fits on a swivel, and can be turned aside when impatience intervenes. A reading-desk is also supplied on the same principle, and a little round stand for whatever



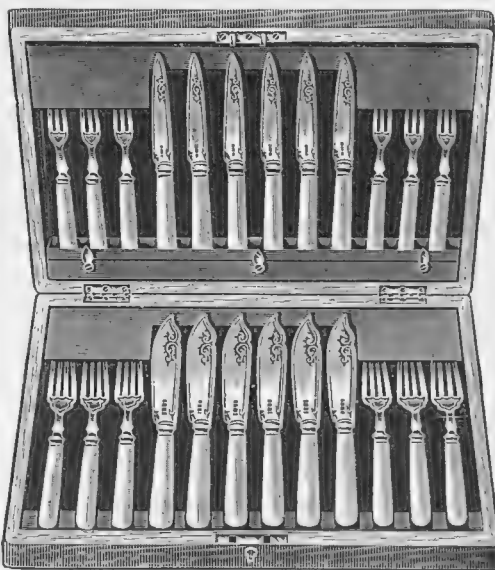
**CAPUAN EASE COMBINED WITH ARCADE-AN SIMPLICITY
THE "BURLINGTON" CHAIR.**

Made by Messrs. J. Foot and Son, of 171, New Bond Street.



**AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT. A BEAUTIFUL
DIAMOND PLAQUE PENDANT, AT THE
ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS',
PRICED AT £135.**

We wish to express regret for an unfortunate error in an advertisement of the Association of Diamond Merchants which appeared in our issue of Nov. 16. The beautiful diamond plaque pendant here illustrated, which is catalogued at £135, was, by a misprint, priced at £35 only. We gladly draw attention to this, as we particularly desire to obviate any suggestion of mistake or misrepresentation on the part of the Association of Diamond Merchants, whose splendid show of jewels at Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross, is well worth a visit, especially at the present season.



**FOR FISH AND FRUIT: A CASE OF SILVER
KNIVES AND FORKS.**

At Messrs. John Pound and Co.'s.

silver scent-flask. These implements are all practical and do real good work. This case, in finest crushed seal leather, costs 70s.

**Mole Above
Ground.**

That retiring little animal, the mole, is promoted to much publicity when he has shuffled off his mortal pelt. This is now the height of fashion, combined with cloth, for *chic* costumes. On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a walking-costume in dark blue-grey cloth trimmed with moleskin and fastening with moleskin buttons. There are a stole and muff of this fur, and nothing could have a smarter effect. On the same page is an illustration of a large hat having velvet brim and a crown of blue-grey satin. It is finished with a band of fur and a bunch of roses. So do summer and winter meet in up-to-date millinery.

may be required—tea, coffee, or more potent comfort. If one wants to be kept always gratefully and cosily in the thoughts of a friend, give him a "Burlington" chair. Another delightful thing to be found at the same establishment is the "Adapta" bed-table, one of the most convenient things ever found in a house.

It can be adapted to any position, and to any use easily. It does for meals, in bed, for writing, reading, for a back-rest, for a work-table; for a music-stand. Used as a bed-table it does not even touch the bed-clothes, so leaves the patient free to move in any direction. I may now say that Messrs. J. Foot and Son have a department for supplying the most perfect invalids' furniture—albeit, the "Burlington" and the "Adapta" are for the well quite as much as for the sick.



**A TIMELY PRESENT: AN
INLAID CLOCK OF GOTHIC
SHAPE.**

At Messrs. John Pound and Co.'s.

**John
Pound's
Presents.** A present has an extra value if it comes with the guarantee of its fine quality conferred by such reliable makers as John Pound and Co.

There are many practical novelties to be found at the various establishments of this well-known firm: whether at the head establishment, 81-84, Leadenhall Street; the beautiful new one, 268-70, Oxford Street; 211, Regent Street; 67, Piccadilly; 177-8, Tottenham Court Road; or 243, Brompton Road, really useful novelties may be purchased for the season of gifts now so nearly approaching. How delighted a lad would be to get a gun-metal watch, with a seconds hand and all, for half-a-guinea!—and how charmed would a girl be with a bracelet-watch, having a jewelled and lever movement, for 25s. 6d! An inlaid-oak Gothic-shaped clock for 19s. 6d. is a useful gift. There is a walking-stick with a plain crook-handle, having a band of gold which on being pressed upward shows a bright electric light. For only 21s. 6d. a set of fish knives and forks in an oak case can be purchased; or for 42s. 6d. a double number, either for fish only, or for fish and fruit, as in our illustration. A capital present for a lady is a case eight inches by six in size, and only three-quarters of an inch thick. In it, compactly fitted, are brushes for the hair, clothes, and hats, a comb, a mirror, a papier-poudre case, and a



**CONCEALING ITS INFINITE VARIETY: THE
"BURLINGTON" PRETENDING TO BE AN
ORDINARY ARM-CHAIR.**

Made by Messrs. J. Foot and Son, of 171, New Bond Street.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 28.

AFTER THE GENERAL ELECTION.

STOCK EXCHANGE and a good deal of other business will be reduced to a low ebb until the New Year starts things fairly on their way once more. The forecasting of Election results is one of the easiest ways to court an evil reputation as a prophet; it is better to look further ahead and to see if the situation, after the contest is over, can be gauged at all. Were the present Government to be defeated, there would be a wild rise in everything for a time. So much can be written down as certain. If, on the other hand, the Liberals come back, how do we stand? Little worse off, surely, than before. Reform, in some shape or another, of the House of Lords is inevitable from either party, and the Liberals would doubtless concentrate on the problem if they were replaced in power. Business would be resumed, and at a stimulated pace, because of the check imposed upon it during the progress of the General Election. Next year is certain to be a good one for trade as a whole, and especially London trade. We are tempted to anticipate, no doubt rashly, good markets after Christmas, when cheaper money will come into the near horizon as an added factor to make for cheerfulness.

HOME RAILS.

With this prospect, it would seem decidedly wrong to sell any Home Railway stock at the present time. Prices are still under the clouds of Labour trouble and stringency in Lombard Street, but the chief companies are doing extremely well as regards traffics, and the coming dividends; everyone knows, will show up well when compared with those of the final half of last year. To advise purchases of Home Rails is a sorry theme, in view of the deadness of the market and the lack of interest displayed in it by the speculator, whose operations are needful if the dryness is to be galvanised into animation. The investor, however, can better afford to wait, and with the chances so greatly in his favour, he cannot go far wrong in holding his stock, or in averaging it with the purchase of more at the current quotations.

TWO CHEAP STOCKS.

Even out of gilt-edged securities the punter may sometimes make a turn, while the investor is generally glad to be put on to really cheap stuff, wherever found. We suggest the two recent Colonials that went so badly on their issue: in both cases the underwriters were landed with 90 per cent. or more. Straits Settlements $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cents., with a full dividend on May 1 next, can be bought at 94 $\frac{1}{2}$; New Zealand $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cents., carrying a full dividend, payable Jan. 1, are about 96, equal to 94 $\frac{1}{2}$ on the stock becoming ex div. on Dec. 2. Each of these is a full Trustee security. Each can be bought in partly paid scrip, with the due proportion allowed for calls, discount, and difference in dividend. And they are the cheapest things in the market. Of the two, the Straits looks preferable, because Crown Colonies issues seldom take long in getting into the strongest possible hands.

THE HARDNESS OF CEMENTS.

Associated Portland Cements are never so attractive as when they appear to be without a friend in the world and almost at their last gasp of market vitality. The rise of the past few days started, as foreshadowed in these columns, in consequence of the largely increased business which the Company is doing. We said then that the prices obtained for the cement were not high, but that the orders were as much as the Association could cope with. On the strength of these orders, the prices of Cement Ordinary and Preference have had a mild boom. Being of the denomination of £10 and fully paid, there is, of course, a certain attraction about the Ordinary as a speculative counter at 2 $\frac{3}{4}$, although this is nearly a pound higher than they commanded prior to the commencement of the present rise. The 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Preference at 7 $\frac{3}{4}$, with dividends payable in March and September, have never yet had to miss any part of their interest even temporarily, and the return at this figure is all but 7 per cent. on the money, so that they can always command a following among investors who will take a risk for the sake of a high return.

STOCK EXCHANGE RULES.

Within a short space of time the Stock Exchange Committee will publish a revised list of its Rules and Regulations. Some of the Rules date back to the early days of the last century; others were added fifty years ago; the last was made a few weeks since. In the nature of things, therefore, a certain amount of the book is antiquated, anachronistic, contradictory, and bad law. Certain of the Rules are governed by a Deed of Settlement which is looked upon as well-nigh sacrosanct, and not to be touched, except under the greatest provocation, by the profane hand of the modern reformer. But the Stock Exchange members who have been engaged upon the task of revising the Rules are nearly through with their work, and the result of it will prove of the utmost public as well as domestic interest.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Politics! The very last thing we want to be bothered about at present. And here we are in the thick of it, or nearly so. It is too silly for words. Wherefore we will waste none.

Of course, what they ought to do is to insist upon the Cabinet being composed of business-men. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, above all, should certainly be selected with some reference to his capacity for the job, and one qualification might be an intimate acquaintance with the City, while another might positively forbid his being a—— But I will not risk offending any of our legal friends.

It seems so extremely reasonable, on the face of it, that a Chancellor of the Exchequer must be a City man—and I use the phrase not simply as applicable to London—that only children would appoint any other to such a post. Looking back to recent years, Lord Goschen is the only man I can remember as having such essential training, and, barring his Consol operations (and of their wisdom not everyone is absolutely convinced to-day), he does not live in the memory as a particularly great success. Yet, even with that rather doubtful precedent, there are many thousands who would like to see the purse of this business nation regulated by a man who has a more practical grip of business principles than by another man whose only guides are books and theories.

But we digress.

What they tell me in the Kaffir Market is that the people connected with the gold industry are doing their best to keep everything as low as possible—spirits, prices, returns, news, developments, but not necessarily costs. And certainly the steady downpour of cold water of which the Kaffir Circus has been the victim during the past few weeks makes one wonder, from its very persistency, whether there may not be something in the idea that the outlook is being purposely blackened. It is a point worth considering how many of the better-class shares are getting full of dividend at the present time; and if two or three decent distributions are announced for the current six months, you might easily get the public in as buyers for the yields obtainable. East Rands are ticklish shares perhaps; but Rand Mines, Crowns, and even Gold Fields are quite likely to be worth buying now as speculative investments. They are expensive to contango, and might have to be "given-on" for a few accounts; but eventually I think it is tolerably certain they will come right.

Speaking of contangoes, a little pamphlet might easily be written on the dodges which are practised by some of the German and other Continental houses in order to evade payment of stamps, contract and otherwise. Of course, they try, first of all, to get the English broker to waive the sending of carry-over contracts altogether; but this is seldom successful, and so some other way has to be devised for saving a few shillings. I understand that in Germany there is a tax superimposed upon foreign contracts, and that if a contango-note is sent from here, it has to be re-stamped over there. What does Meinherr? He persuades his London broker to send, not a contract, but a "Lombard letter," which is the same thing, only that the shares are set out at the foot of a printed letter which affects to treat the transaction as a loan instead of a contango. The letter bears the full English stamp-duty, but its wording saves it from being again stamped in Germany, and the patriotic gambler in Unions, Canadas, Steels, and what not smiles gleefully at his success in swindling his own Government.

So Mincing Lane is to have a share exchange of its own in the New Year. Well, "I wish you all jye," as the curate said to me when I went to put up the banns. There should be plenty of scope for such an institution, and while it will eat into Stock Exchange profits in one way, it should compensate this by introducing a good deal more business in another. Presumably, the Mincing Lane brokers will not be precluded from advertising, and, personally, I think that outside advertisements do the Stock Exchange a fair measure of good. Whatever its faults, the London and Paris Exchange did an enormous amount of spade-work in the financial education of the country. Mr. Mandeville brought home to vast circles of people the possibilities that were offered of profitable dealing through the medium of stocks and shares. Of course, the London and Paris Exchange did much harm by giving facilities to gamble through its option and other systems; but for the way in which it educated the public in financial matters—often though it were to the public's loss—the Stock Exchange does owe a debt to the now-defunct establishment whose advertisements were everywhere. I don't mean to compare the new Mincing Lane venture with the London and Paris Exchange, of course, but if its members advertise, they will certainly bring grist to the mills of the Stock Exchange as well as to their own.

How shall you make a tenner wherewith to buy Christmas presents? Frankly, I find it difficult to say. You know, maybe, my sneaking fondness for Chartered, and I verily believe there's an eighth turn to be made by buying them now. The mining markets, however, are almost dead as mutton, unless you care to gamble in Mexico Mines of El Oro; and as I know little about them, I dare not advise. That extraordinary rise in Roberts Victor ought to direct attention to other low-priced diamonds, and there should be a good chance for Koffyfontein. These are just gambles. For looking farther ahead, London General Omnibus is well worth putting away; there's the Coronation next year, and London will be packed with tourists. Districts are a good gamble, too, as a lock-up, and, in quite a different direction, I believe in Amazon Telegraphs. And then—Yes? What? Oh, I'm sorry! But you will understand when I add that I thought you once told me you never did get tired of

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE ONE PER CENT. COVER FRAUD.

The advertising touts are at present so persistent with their cover-snatching that it is really imperative to point out to our readers the folly of sending £5 or £10 for blind pools on the 1 per cent. cover plan, which is the common one recommended. Of course this system suits the cover-snatchers: it is like giving them the money, necessitating only the entry of a few figures in a book and the writing of a couple of letters.

Let us say some poor nurse or clerk gets a circular pointing out that by joining "our stock operation No. 0024," an unlimited fortune may be made, etc. The shares are £5 each, and no further liability. The money is sent, and when received an entry is made that twenty-five Louisvilles have been sold to the sender at, say, 150. The price being 149 $\frac{1}{2}$ -150 on the tape, one half the £5 is already gone, as the selling price is $\frac{1}{2}$ below the buying; and if the stock drops to 149-149 $\frac{1}{2}$ (that is, $\frac{1}{2}$ and not 1 per cent.), the victim's money is gone, and a polite note is sent saying that the transaction has been closed and the cover absorbed.

This is the simplest form the swindle takes; but if the stock goes up, say, to 150 $\frac{1}{2}$ -151, there would then be room for a 1 per cent. drop before the cover is gone; as a rule, the transaction is closed and a polite note sent saying that this has been done at a profit of £2 10s., and the whole £7 10s. invested in a larger quantity of some other active stock—Baltimore and Ohio, for example—so that there is only $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. margin again. It

may be necessary for the tout to repeat the operation even a third time; but in the end, and by choosing the correct moment, the inevitable drop of $\frac{1}{2}$ is secured and the cover becomes the property of the bucket-shop. Active stocks which fluctuate one or two points in a day are always chosen, and in the worst cases the letters are not written or the contracts made until the evening, after the whole tape prices are on the table! Then the tout can see what to do, while to "collar the spoil" is "as easy as shelling peas." The confidence trick is nothing to it, and to prove the fraud is next door to impossible.

If our readers must speculate on the cover system, let them at least know what they are buying and have a margin of not less than 5 per cent. to provide for eventualities, such as a slight drop after the bargain is made. Let them also select with care the firm with whom the business is done, and not send their cash to the first tout whose circular catches their fancy.

Saturday, Nov. 19, 1910.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

KEW.—We should hold on. The concern is quite honest, and in good hands.

ASTON VILLA.—Our opinion is favourable of all the Land Companies, but the Rubber Company is doubtful.

W. P.—The Mine is a very low-grade proposition, and we should only hold on because something may turn up. The people behind it are sure to make an effort.

EACH.—If the Company, which has only just been started, lives up to the promises made, and the reputation of the people connected with it, there is every reason to think it will be a great improvement on the ordinary "bucket shop." You might try them and see how their business is conducted.

S. A. P.—See this week's Notes. Of course, you cannot get the rate you suggest without some risk. Peruvian First Mortgage Debentures would give you 6 per cent. with reasonable security.

NEWSPAPER.—The £5 Preference shares of the Lady's Pictorial and Sporting and Dramatic Company can be bought at about 50s., and will give you 10 per cent. There are no Debentures, and even on the last accounts the dividend is secured nearly twice over. The Company will probably have a good year, with the Coronation to help both papers.

CESTRIAN.—(1) Rio de Janeiro 5 per cent. bonds, guaranteed by the Government of Brazil, or United of Havana Railway 5 per cent. irredeemable Debentures. (2) Very good. Price 98 to 100. Yield 4 per cent.

THE ANGLO-CONTINENTAL SUPPLY COMPANY, LTD., is offering 136,000 8 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each for public subscription. The Company is formed to take over the business of Mr. Michel Cahen, well known in France under the title of "Les Etablissements au Planteur de Caïffa," and to extend the same to other Continental countries. The cash sales for the last ten years (to June of this year) are given, while the profits each

year for the last four years are certified by W. B. Peat and Co., and have risen from £125,134 for the year ending June 1907 to £169,106 for the same period ending 1910. To pay the Preference dividend takes only £64,000, so that after providing for this, there would be a surplus of over £105,000. The vendors to the Company are the P.D.C. Syndicate, who have fixed the purchase price at £1,240,000, payable as to £320,000 in cash, £120,000 in Preference shares, and as to £800,000 in Ordinary shares, of which Mr. Michael Cahen is getting £1,147,200; but it is stated that when the expenses borne by the Syndicate are taken into consideration its profits will not exceed £20,000, of which considerably more than half will be in Ordinary shares. The Board is undoubtedly a strong one, including Lord Farrer and Sir William Garstin, while the whole surroundings of the Company are first-rate. The Preference shares, so far as can be judged by the prospectus, appear to be a really sound investment, which may well see a substantial capital appreciation.

THE FERGHANA OIL-FIELDS, LTD., is offering 250,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each, and is formed to acquire, from the representatives of the late Prince Khilkoff, a petroleum estate known as Maily Say, in the district of Ferghana, in Turkestan. The Chairman of the Board is Sir John Harrington, who for years was British Minister in Abyssinia, and Sir Reginald Pole Carew is also among the directors. The property, which can be reached by two distinct railway routes in eleven and a half and thirteen days respectively, has been reported upon by Mr. J. R. Falkowicz, M.E., of Cophall Avenue, who estimates the profits at £30,282 for the first year, and £73,720 for the second year, by which time ten wells should be working; while by the time that twenty-five wells have been opened it is anticipated that the output will be raised to 816 tons a day, yielding a profit of £190,190 per annum. The vendors are the G M Oil Fields, Ltd., who have fixed the purchase consideration payable to them at £116,875, payable in fully paid Ordinary shares of the Company; but there will also be payable to the original vendors £74,375 in cash and £233,750 in shares, while the amount payable for preliminary expenses is £15,000 in cash. The total capital of the Company is £750,000, of which £149,375 will remain available for future issue.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Warwick, I like these: Castle Plate, Neidr; Milverton Nursery, Marmalade; November Hurdle Handicap, Viz. At Manchester these should go close: Eglington Nursery, Birdie; Delamere Handicap, Last Call; De Trafford Plate, Juliet II.; Lancashire Nursery, Rupert; Ellesmere Handicap, Saucy John; Manchester November Handicap, Old China; Final Plate, Swynford.

THE PROSPECTUS NOW BEING ISSUED BY THE

ANGLO-CONTINENTAL SUPPLY COMPANY, LTD.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

Proprietors of Les Etablissements "AU PLANTEUR DE CAÏFFA," states (inter alia) that

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST is now OPEN and will CLOSE on or before THURSDAY, Nov. 24, 1910.

THE CAPITAL IS £1,600,000.

in 160,000 8 per cent. CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE SHARES OF 25 each, and 160,000 ORDINARY SHARES OF 25 each.

The Preference Shares are Preferential as to capital, and are also Preferential and Cumulative as to dividends. After payment of a dividend of Eight per cent. on the ordinary Shares one-third of the surplus profits in each year will be set aside as a Special Reserve until such Reserve amounts to £64,000, at which amount it is to be maintained. Such fund will be held exclusively as a guarantee for the payment of the Preference Dividend.

The Profits for the Year ending June, 1910, amounted to more than two-and-a-half times the sum required for the Eight per cent. Cumulative dividend on the Preference Shares.

There are no Mortgages, Debentures, or Debenture Stock, and none for a sum in excess of £80,000 can at any time be issued without a Resolution at a meeting of Preference Shareholders specially summoned for the purpose, passed by a majority consisting of not less than three-fourths of the votes given upon such Resolution.

Both classes of Shares may be converted into Bearer Shares on payment of the Stamp Duty. The whole of the Ordinary Shares (£800,000), and 24,000 Preference Shares (£120,000) are taken by the Vendors as part of the purchase consideration.

ISSUE OF THE REMAINING 136,000 EIGHT PER CENT. CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE SHARES OF £5 EACH AT PAR.

of which 40,000 Shares, representing £200,000, have already been applied for, and will be allotted in full.

Payable as follows:—10s. per Share on application, £2 10s. per Share on allotment, and £2 per Share three months after allotment—total, £5.

The Shares may be paid up in full on Allotment, under a rebate at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum.

The accounts of the Company will be made up annually to the end of December, and Dividends on the Preference Shares will be payable half-yearly, in April and October. The dividends will be calculated from the due dates of the several instalments; the first dividend, calculated to the 31st December, 1910, will be payable in April, 1911.

The proceeds of this issue will be applied in completing the cash portion of the purchase consideration, and over £330,000 will then be available as Working Capital and for the further development of the business.

DIRECTORS.

MICHEL CAHEN, 13, Rue Bouillite, Paris (Merchant), President and Joint Managing-Director.

ANTOINE CECALDI, 37, Avenue Malakoff, Paris (Doctor of Law).

LORD ARTHUR CECIL, The Mount, Lynton, Hants (Deputy-Chairman of General Life Assurance Company).

The Right Hon. LORD FARRER, Abinger Hall, Dorking (Director of Midland Railway).

SIR WILLIAM GARSTIN, G.C.M.G., 17, Welbeck House, Wigmore Street, London, W. (Director of Suez Canal Company).

ALEXANDRE GROSS, 13, Rue Bouillite, Paris (Merchant), Joint Managing-Director.

FREDERICK CHARLES SCOTTER, Gresham House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C. (Stockbroker).

BANKERS.—Lloyds Bank Limited, 72, Lombard Street, London, E.C., and Branches.

SOLICITORS.

Ashurst, Morris, Crisp and Co., 17, Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C.

Sewell and Maugham, 54, Faubourg St. Honore, Paris.

AUDITOR.—Wm. B. Peat, 11, Ironmonger Lane, London, E.C.

BROKERS.

Mortimer, Scotter and Co., Gresham House, Old Broad Street (and Stock Exchange), London, E.C.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICE (pro tem.).

R. B. Petre, 11, Ironmonger Lane, London, E.C.

This Company has been formed to acquire as a going concern, and to further develop in France and other Continental countries, the well-known business of Mr. Michel Cahen, founded by him in Paris in 1890, and carried on under the name of

LES ETABLISSEMENTS "AU PLANTEUR DE CAÏFFA."

The following figures show the phenomenal progress of the business—

CASH SALES FOR LAST 10½ YEARS.

Year ending	December 1900	1901	1902	1903	1904
£	270,373	426,373	675,489	979,589	587,837

Half-Year ending June 1904

Year ending	June 1905	1906	1907	1908	1909	1910
£	1,205,829	1,555,355	1,802,070	1,971,236	2,195,579	2,580,449

The nature and volume of the business are shown by the following statement of the chief Sale of Goods for the year ending June, 1910—

8100 tons of Coffee	246,600 tons of Cream
2600 tons of Pâtes Alimentaires (Macaroni, &c.)	930,000 bags of Rice
1900 tons of Chicory	875,000 bags of Tapioca
1500 tons of Chocolate	236,000 bags of Semolina
2,813,000 tins of Biscuits	847,400 bottles of Perfumery, Scent, &c.
1,696,000 tins of Pepper	459,000 bottles of Salad Oil
337,000 tins of Mustard	397,000 bottles of Soup Flavouring
	1,198,000 packets of Washing Powder

The following Report from Messrs. W. B. Peat and Co. shows the profits of the business—11, Ironmonger Lane, London, E.C. 10th November, 1910.

To the Directors of the ANGLO-CONTINENTAL SUPPLY CO., LIMITED.

Dear Sirs,

"AU PLANTEUR DE CAÏFFA."

We have examined the Books of the above firm, and certify that the profits of the business for the four years ending 25th June, 1910, have been as follows—

Year ending	June, 1907	1908	1909	1910	Francs	At Francs 25 to £1
£	3,128,373	3,593,203	3,605,067	4,227,661	= £125,134 18s. 5d.	= £143,728 2s. 5d.
					= £144,202 13s. 7d.	= £169,106 8s. 10d.

These Profits are arrived at after charging against the Revenue of each year all maintenance and working expenses, all discounts claimed in each year, and in addition all Capital and other expenditure incurred during these four years in establishing 43 new depôts and in enlarging or improving 32 other depôts, but before providing for interest on Capital, unclaimed discounts, reserve for depreciation, and partners' remuneration.

In accordance with your request for a statement as to our opinion of the organisation of the business, we beg to inform you that we found the same to be very well arranged. In order to cope with its development the business has been divided into departments in a most complete manner, and the supervision of each department is in capable hands. These facts, while simplifying the general management, materially strengthen the position of the undertaking as a whole.

Yours faithfully,

W. B. PEAT and CO., Chartered Accountants.

A brokerage of 1s. per Share will be paid on all Shares allotted on application forms (other than underwriters') bearing the Stamp of a Broker or other approved Agent.

The Prospectus contains particulars of Contracts and other information to satisfy the requirements of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

Prospectuses, upon the terms of which Applications will alone be received, and Forms of Application can be obtained from the Registered Office of the Company, or from the Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors, and Auditors.

THE FOLLOWING MAY BE CUT OUT AND USED.

To the Directors of the ANGLO-CONTINENTAL SUPPLY COMPANY, LTD., 11, Ironmonger Lane, London, E.C.

Gentlemen,—I request you to reserve for me 8 per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each, which I agree to take upon the terms of the Prospectus, dated 10th November, 1910, issued by you, copy of which please forward to me, when I will sign and return you a formal application for such shares. I enclose cheque for £ s d, being ten shillings per share on the above number of shares.

Full Name

Address

Description

Date

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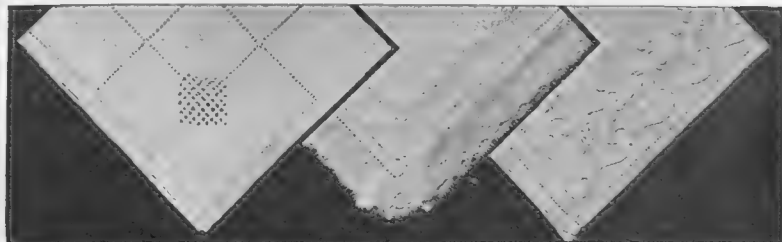
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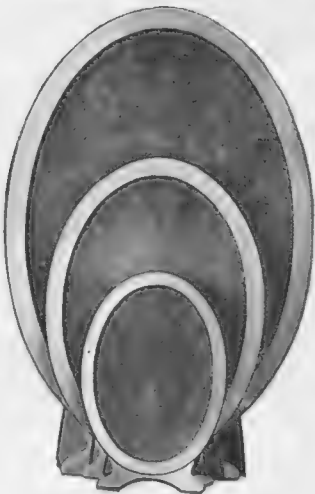
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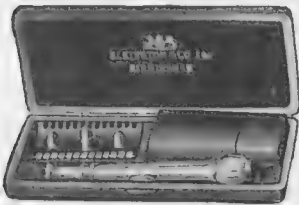
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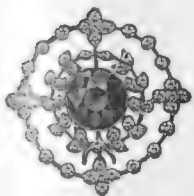
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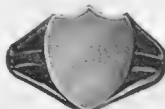
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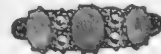
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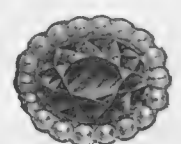
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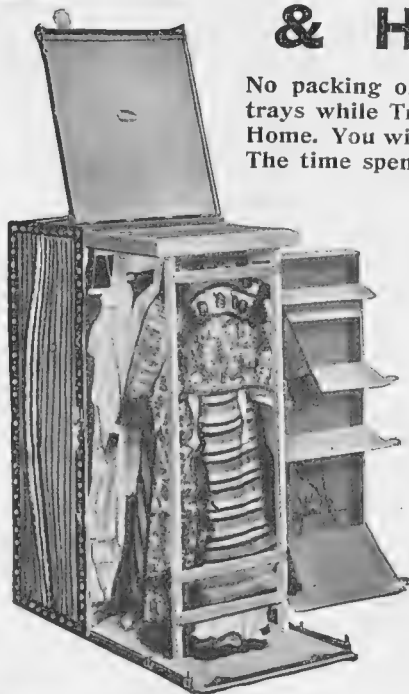
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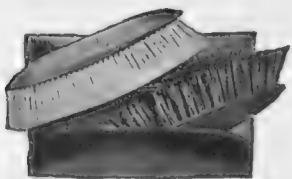
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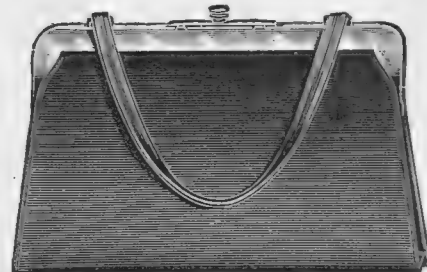


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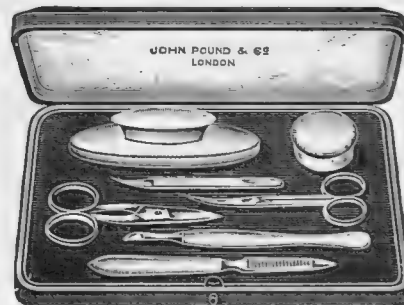
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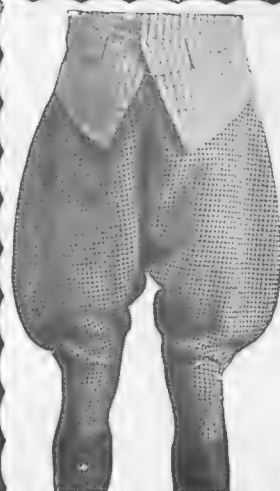
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CONSTIPATION

NO PART OF THIS ISSUE HAS BEEN UNDERWRITTEN.

The Subscription List will close on or before Wednesday, the 23rd day of November, 1910, at 4 o'clock p.m. for town, and on Thursday, the 24th day of November, 1910, at 12 o'clock noon, for country.

THE FERGHANA OIL FIELDS, LIMITED

(Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908).

CAPITAL £750,000,

Divided into 750,000 Shares of £1 each,

310,000 Shares are set apart for Working Capital and the general purposes of the Company.

Issue of 600,625 Shares of £1 each at par,

350,625 Shares will be allotted as fully paid in part payment of the Purchase Consideration, and the remaining

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Lieut.-Gen. Sir REGINALD POLE-CAREW, K.C.B., C.V.O., Antony House, Torpoint, R.S.O., Cornwall.

GEO. MACDONALD, F.I.D., 580-3, Salisbury House, E.C. (Chairman, G. M. Oil Fields, Limited).

EUGENE VICTOROVITCH GLOUHKOFF, M.E., 4, Avenue Maignon, Paris (late Managing Director, Russian Baku Petroleum Company).

BORIS CHRISTOPHOROVIICH SCHLEGEL, Engineer, Tretia Rodjestvenskaja 48, St. Petersburg.

BORIS ALEXANDROVITCH BOGOUCEVSKY, M.E., Maily Say, Ferghana (Technical Adviser).

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In Russia: BANQUE RUSSO-ASIATIQUE, Nevsky Prospect, St. Petersburg; Andijan; Namangan.

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LUMLEY & LUMLEY, 37, Conduit Street, W., and 10, Rue de la Paix, Paris.

Broker.

G. C. HOWARD, 16, Tokenhouse Yard, and Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

Technical Adviser.

JULIUS ROBERT FALKOWICZ, M.E., 20, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

Consulting Chemist for Refinery.

Dr. S. RITTER VON PILAT (Chief Engineer to the Austrian Government Fuel Oil Department), States Refinery, Drohobycz.

Auditors.

FORD, RHODES & FORD, Chartered Accountants, 4n, Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, E.C.

Secretary and Registered Offices.

FRANK W. S. PINDER, 557/8, Salisbury House, London, E.C.

Office and Works in Russia.

THE FERGHANA OIL FIELDS, LIMITED, Maily Say, près Namangan, Province of Ferghana, Government of Turkestan.

Representative in Russia.

GEORGES DMITRIVITCH JEREMIEV (Lieut.-Col. Empress of Russia's Horse Guards, and Actual Councillor of State), Kirotchnaja 52, St. Petersburg.

This Company has been formed to acquire (inter alia) the Petroleum Estate, known as Maily Say, of the late Prince Khilkoff, formerly Minister of Russian Highways and Communications.

According to the report of M. Eugene Gloukhoff, the Estate was granted by virtue of the Imperial Decrees of May 7, 1905, December 30, 1906, and August 11, 1907, and possession of the Concession was taken by the late Prince Khilkoff on October 6, 1907, being an Imperial Grant to him for a period of forty years from that date. It will be seen, therefore, that the Concession has still thirty-seven years to run. Under the will of the late Prince Khilkoff the Concession was transferred to Madame Valoueff, and the transfer was in due course approved by the Russian Ministry of Commerce and Industry under date of June 10, 1909.

With a view to the exploitation of the field, Madame Valoueff has agreed to assign the Concession to an English Company and has executed through her Attorney a preliminary contract to that effect. The Directors are informed that subject to the number of Russian and English Directors being equal, and other formalities, the Russian Government will, as a special favour, agree to the transfer of the Concession to an English Company. The benefit of this contract has been acquired by the G.M. Oil Fields, Limited.

The property has been thoroughly inspected and reported upon for the G.M. Oil Fields, Limited, by Mr. J. R. Falkowicz, M.E., of 20, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C., who states (inter alia) —

"The oilfield of Maily Say is situated near Namangan, a cotton trading town of 80,000 inhabitants in the district of Ferghana in Turkestan, a province of Russian Central Asia.

"It can be reached by two different railway routes. From Petersburg or Moscow by direct railway journey, via Samara, Orenburg, Turkestan, Tashkent to Andijan, a town of 120,000 inhabitants, cotton, grain, and rice centre, which is the terminal station. Time from London to Andijan, 113 days. Or by the second route (the one by which I returned to London), the Transcaspian Railway connecting Andijan, via Samarkand and Bukhara, with the Caspian port of Krasnowodsk, then by boat to Baku, and from Baku via Rostow, Woloczyska, Berlin to London. Time, 13 days.

"The oil produced from Wells Nos. 0 and 1, and also from the outcroppings, has not originated in the strata in which it was found, but has infiltrated from a deeper level. This level is not outcropping anywhere on the surface, but will doubtless be reached by drilling. It is therefore impossible to arrive at any positive facts with regard to the genesis of Maily Say Oil, but this at the present moment is of secondary importance. It is sufficient to recognise that the oil which has been proved to exist so far infiltrates from a deeper level. The oil seepages occur on both wings of the anticline.

"From all the geological and tectonic evidence, moreover from the results of the Wells Nos. 0 and 1, the Maily Say District can be considered a high-class oilfield, and to some extent is proven oil territory. It remains to examine whether the Concession of Madame Valoueff is within the oil belt or not. I have carefully considered this question and have come to the conclusion that the whole of the surveyed concession is within the oil-bearing area of the anticline, situated very favourably upon this Northern wing within 300 yards from its dome. Consequently, the whole Concession can be considered oil land.

"In order to develop this oilfield, the following working programme will have to be carried out. Five new wells should be sunk at once; the site for such wells I have located on the spot.

"Thus five rigs will be continually employed in boring wells. This programme to be continued until the two wells which I propose to deepen will have reached the second oil-producing stratum. I expect great things from this second, and eventually third, oil level, and the further working programme depends upon these results. However, even without the anticipated production from deeper levels, the existing shallow oil horizon has proved to be a sound and lasting producer.

"Well No. 0, which reached oil in 1904, is still steadily producing about 10 tons per day, although badly drilled, and the salt water was not cased off. It is baled during daytime only, because there is no electric-light plant on the mine, and, with the considerable amount of gas escaping from the well, other lighting would be risky.

"COST OF DRILLING.—With proper outfit and plant, the sinking of a well to the first oil bed should not require more than four months and should not cost more than £3000 to £3500, including casings, but without boring plant and outfit.

"The cost of five complete rigs with all accessories and emergency tools, including freight and transport, will be between £10,000—£12,000
Timber for 5 rigs and 5 derricks 2,000
For other costs to drill 5 wells 17,500
5 further wells 17,500
Reserve to deepen 2 wells to the next oil strata 5,000

£54,000

Completion of installation such as electric-lighting plant, water supply, and outfit for workshop 6,000

Total £60,000

Consequently the working capital required to develop the property into a remunerative oilfield amounts to £60,000.

"If properly worked on the lines of my working programme, the wells in Maily Say ought to be of a very prolific nature. It is a fact that well No. 0, drilled in 1904 with a 6-inch casing only, was flowing at the rate of over 15,000 poods (240 tons) per day. Well No. 1, drilled by Prince Khilkoff, produced, according to entries in the Company's books, over 20,000 poods (324 tons) of oil per day in the beginning. Considering that on neither of these wells the water was cased off, and that both wells only tapped the shallow oil level without properly drilling into it, and that, in spite of these serious mistakes, the wells still are producing a remunerative quantity of about 10 tons each per day, I think I am justified in estimating the anticipated production of the wells to be drilled on the Maily Say field at 2000 poods (32 tons) per day. In my opinion, this figure is very conservative. With the first five wells drilled in accordance with my programme, you would have to calculate with a daily output of 10,000 poods (161 tons) by the end of the first year. Wells Nos. 0 and 1 will also produce over 1000 poods (16 tons) of clear oil per day, without the water, which must be drained off the receiving tanks twice in twenty-four hours, so that with five wells drilled and the existing wells pumped, the daily production will amount to 11,000 poods (177 tons). Drilling at the rate of five wells per year, and writing off 20 per cent. of the cost of the wells, you will have a fairly reliable basis for your calculations.

PIPE-LINE.—"To bring the oil to the market, the pipe-line to the railway is an inevitable necessity. I should advise laying a 5-inch pipe-line from Maily Say to the town of Andijan, the total distance being 75 versts (493 miles), and the total cost, complete with telephone at both ends, would be £60,000.

REFINERY.—"A suitable site of about 50 to 60 acres can be easily had at Andijan for a refinery. There is plenty of sandy land not suitable for plantations situated along a big water canal, not far from the projected railway line. The land can be bought, if yours will be a Russian

Company, or if a foreign company, it can be taken on a cheap 99 years' lease. The initial capacity for the refinery should not be less than 60,000 tons per year, but it should be constructed with a view of early future extensions."

"RÉSUMÉ.—The results of my investigations of the Maily Say oilfield are very favourable. I strongly recommend this oilfield to energetic development. I consider the expenditure, as specified in my report, justified, and am convinced that under capable management very substantial returns will be derived from it."

ESTIMATED NET PROFITS.—The daily production of five wells will be 11,000 poods, or 176 tons, which at 25 coopeks per pood, less 7½ coopeks per pood for handling, 20 per cent. Royalty, 20 per cent. amortisation, and the placing to the reserve of the sum of £17,500 for the drilling of five new wells, would leave £30,282 net profit from the first year's work.

The daily production of 10 wells will be 21,000 poods, or 336 tons, which at 25 coopeks per pood, less 7½ coopeks per pood for handling, 20 per cent. Royalty, 20 per cent. amortisation and the reserve of £17,500 for five new wells, would leave £73,720 net profit from the second year's work.

The daily production of 15 wells will be 31,000 poods, or 496 tons, which at 25 coopeks per pood, less 7½ coopeks per pood for handling, 25 per cent. Royalty, 20 per cent. amortisation and the reserve of £17,500 for five new wells, would leave £108,743 net profit from the third year's work.

The daily production of 20 Wells will be 41,000 poods, or 616 tons, which at 25 coopeks per pood, less 7½ coopeks per pood for handling, 25 per cent. Royalty, 20 per cent. amortisation, and the reserve of £17,500 for five new wells, would leave £149,465 net profit from the fourth year's work.

The daily production of 25 wells will be 51,000 poods, or 816 tons, which at 25 coopeks per pood, less 7½ coopeks per pood for handling, 25 per cent. Royalty, 20 per cent. amortisation, and the reserve of £17,500 for five new wells, would leave a net profit of £190,190 from the fifth year's work, which would be the average yearly net profit for each succeeding year.

First year	...	5 Wells	176 tons daily, yearly net profit	...	£30,282
2nd	"	10	336	"	£73,720
3rd	"	15	496	"	£108,743
4th	"	20	656	"	£149,465
5th	"	25	816	"	£190,190

After providing for an adequate sinking fund for the replacing of the Capital of the Company, the foregoing statements (compiled upon Mr. J. R. Falkowicz's letter of September 28, 1910) show an average net profit for the first five years' working of 18 per cent. per annum upon the issued Capital of the Company, exclusive of the profits that may be derived from the Pipe Line and Refinery. Upon the same basis, for the 26 years (which is the estimated life of the first oil horizon) the net profits would show an average of 29 per cent. per annum for that period upon the issued Capital of the Company.

Upon the basis of Dr. S. von Pilat's (Head Manager of the Austrian State Refineries, Drohobycz) estimate, annexed to Mr. J. R. Falkowicz's report, the net profit on a Refinery dealing with 60,000 tons of Crude Oil per annum would be 520,782 Roubles, which, at 2s. 13d. per Rouble, would equal £55,337.

The minimum subscription upon which the directors may proceed to allotment is 20 per cent. of the shares offered.

A copy of the Company's Memorandum of Association, with the names, addresses, and descriptions of the Signatories, and the number of Shares subscribed for by them respectively, will be found within the fold of, and forms part of, the Prospectus.

A brokerage of 6d. per Share will be paid by the Company in respect of all allotments upon applications identified as coming through Brokers and other Agents approved by the Directors.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and of the above-mentioned Contracts, Letters and Full Reports, and of the Concession, can be inspected at the Offices of the Solicitors to the Company at any time during business hours while the subscription list is open.

Application will be made to the Committee of the London Stock Exchange in due course for a special settlement of the Shares of the Company.

Applications for Shares must be on the form accompanying the Prospectus, and be forwarded to the Bankers of the Company or any of their branches, together with the amount payable on application. Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full, and where the number of Shares allotted is less than the number applied for the surplus so paid will be applied towards the amount due on allotment, and any balance remaining will be returned. Failure to pay any instalment on the Shares allotted when due will render previous payments liable to forfeiture.

Full Prospectuses (upon the terms of which alone applications will be received) and Forms of Application for Shares can be obtained at the Registered Offices of the Company or from the Bankers, Solicitors, Brokers or Auditors.

This form MAY BE USED and sent with deposit of 5s. per Share payable on application to the LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK, LIMITED, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., or Branches. If remittance be made by cheque, the same should be drawn in favour of the Company or Bearer, and crossed to the Company's account.

To the Directors of THE FERGHANA OIL FIELDS, LIMITED.

Gentlemen,—Having paid to the Company's Bankers the sum of £..... being a deposit of 5s. per Share on application for..... Shares of £1 each in the above Company, I/we request that you will allot me/us that number of Shares, and I/we hereby agree to accept the same or any less number of Shares that you may allot to me/us upon the terms of the Prospectus, dated November 14, 1910, and of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I/we agree to pay the sum of 5s. per Share on allotment, and the balance when required in calls not exceeding 5s. per Share at intervals of not less than two months, and I/we authorise you to place my/our name upon the Register of Members in respect of the Shares so allotted to me/us.

Ordinary Signature

Name (in full)
(State here whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss or title.)

PLEASE

WRITE

DISTINCTLY.

Address

Occupation

Date 1910.

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AND
ONE THINGS

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MAKES COPPER LIKE GOLD—TIN LIKE SILVER—PAINT LIKE NEW
WON'T WASH CLOTHES

BENJAMIN BROOKE & CO., LTD.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

Throwing Back
the Clutch!

When brilliant story-writers seek to imbue their incidents with realism, one could wish that they would take some pains to "jine their flats." It comes quite as a shock to the earnest motorist to stumble over some absurd reference to motoring or the conduct of a motor in an otherwise clever and interesting tale. It leads him to question the soundness of other facts and incidents of the accuracy of which he is not so competent a judge, and which he has to take for granted. What acquaintance has an author with his subject when he writes: "The chauffeur threw back the clutch, and took those five miles"—oh, naughty, naughty man!—"at a sixty-miles-an-hour clip," notwithstanding that it was night and the snowflakes were whirling. That is bad or silly enough, but I want to know *why* this wickedly reckless chauffeur "threw back the clutch," and where he threw it to? What is to become of us all if our chauffeurs take to tossing their clutches about, and then dash through a snowstorm at sixty miles an hour in the dark? But this took place in Scotland, and, in all probability, while our author was writing of clutches he was thinking of cabers!

Grahame-White and
the Gordon Bennett.

British aviators and the general body of the public interested in the science and practice of aviation undoubtedly felt much pride in Mr. Grahame-White's late brilliant victory across the Atlantic, when he scored the first aerial Gordon Bennett to the credit of this country. Let us hope that when it comes to be manipulated here we may treat it in a more sportsmanlike manner than happened in another Gordon-Bennett event, to which the Entente Cordiale now forbids further reference. But that by the way: Britishers will think still more of Grahame-White's triumph when they realise that it was achieved on a machine which only reached him four days before the race, and which he had never previously tried. The plane was, moreover, presumed to be identical with that of Leblanc, but it was, as a matter of fact, fitted with a different propeller, and also had a greater wing cumber, tending to slow it considerably. Further, Mr. Grahame-White won all the competitions on the first day of the Boston Meeting, Sept. 3, with the exception of the height test, on a new 50-h.p. Gnome-Blériot, unpacked the same morning. It is obvious, then, that his successes on two strange machines—a 50-h.p. and a 100-h.p. Gnome-Blériot—

place him at the head of the first rank of the world's aviators to-day. The above facts are vouched for in a letter from his manager to the *Aero*.

A Dear Ride.

The Motor Union, always a live and useful body, has lately been at pains to demonstrate to the hooligan class that motor-cars may not be damaged for the fun of the thing; at least, not without something retributory in the shape of fines and penalties. Only the other day an all too enterprising youth elected to indulge in a free ride on the back of a motor-car, to the considerable detriment of the glistening paint-work of the back panels. As the car in question happened to be the property of a member of the Union, that body, feeling that it would be well for all concerned that an example should be made of this offender, *pour encourager les autres*, cited him before a local Bench, who fined him half-a-guinea, and ordered him to pay the costs of the action, which amounted to an exactly similar sum. We are not told how far the youth progressed while hanging on behind, but we may take it that a taxi would have been cheaper and more comfortable. The free rider will, I fancy, think twice before again taking a trip upon a vehicle with which there is no possibility of "whip behind."

Cycles and Motor-
Cycles at Olympia.

On Monday last Olympia became the scene of yet another great exhibition of the modern means of locomotion, for the great arched roof at West Kensington to-day shelters the latest products of engineering science in the shape of multi-speeded pedal-bicycles, and motor-cycles in great variety. Whether my readers be cyclists or motor-cyclists, or merely interested in mechanical detail as developed in these machines, I strongly advise a visit to Olympia, if only that the great advance made in motor-cycle construction in particular may be noted. The strides made in the pastime during the last two years have been enormous, for motor-cyclists now largely outnumber motor-car owners, and are increasing numerically by leaps and bounds every day. The great fillip to the motor-cycle industry is coming from the introduction of such machines as the Humber Lightweight, which is handy, sufficiently powered, moderately priced, and reliably made. The large public which in 1895 and 1896 became cyclists, and paid anything from £18 to £25 for a pedal bicycle, will assuredly come back to the road and the sport when they realise the simplicity and the handiness of the Lightweight motor-bicycle.

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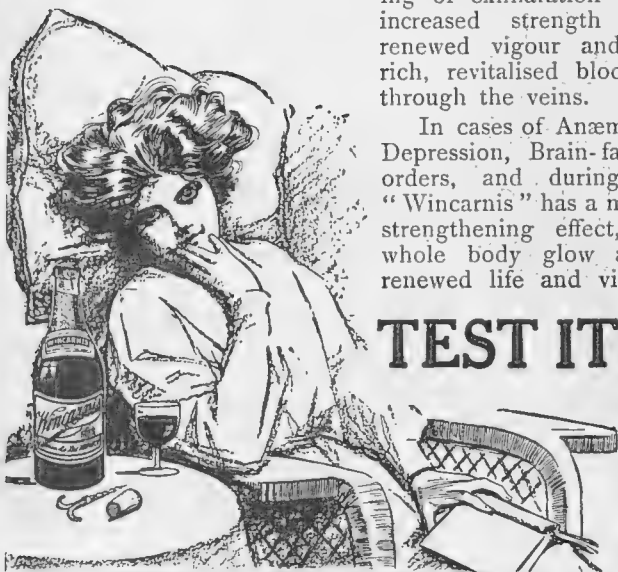
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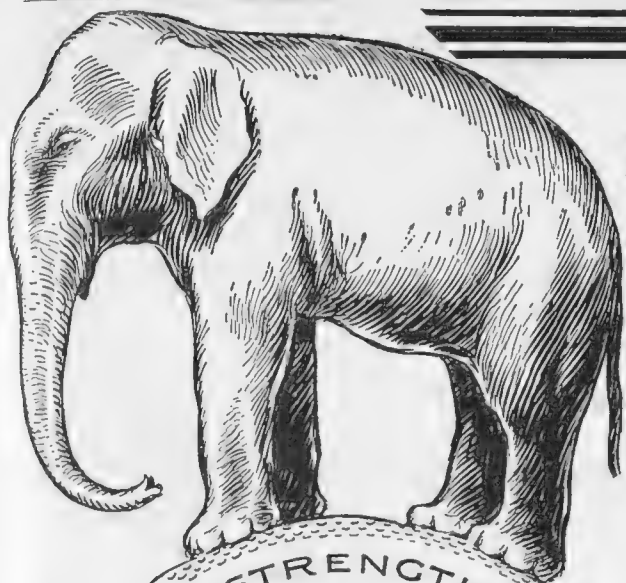
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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Golden Silence."

By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON.
(Methuen.)

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson have been travelling in Africa. One of them (one wonders which) has gone note-book in hand, conscientiously registering the flush of skies and roses, the ivory and gold of villa or minaret, the flamboyant glory of tile and turban, the mystery of white walls and veiled women and the throbbing Sahara. Across this dazzling scenery there moves a group of Western folk who pursue the old way, the literary way, of love and adventure. First comes the pretty young American, whose portrait decorates the cover. Some nine years before, her elder sister, Saidee, had married a handsome Arab Captain of Spahis, to be swallowed up by the Golden Silence of the Desert; but Victoria dreams of her waking or sleeping, and determines to find her, to rescue her if needs be. Quite poor and almost friendless, she discovers she can dance, that she can dance in the *dernier cri* of the Palace or Hippodrome, which demands an Idea and an Artist. Just a few performances in New York, London, and Paris furnish her with sufficient money for the journey, and a possible bribe to her sister's keeper: about £2000. So, dressed in a shabby blue-serge, with a cheap hat to match, she encounters her Fate in the steamer which takes her to Algiers. He is wishful to sun himself in the kind African weather before taking a header into the treacherous waters of matrimony—but that is another story. Confidences follow on the deck-acquaintance, and from thenceforth, on through brilliant Algiers and beyond it to the Golden Silence of Saidee's captivity, Stephen Knight never leaves Victoria knightless. "What is the Golden Silence like?" Stephen asked Victoria. And she answered: "I just see Saidee standing on a large flat expanse, which looks white. And she's dressed in white. All round her is a quivering golden haze, wave after wave of it, endless as the sea when you're on a ship. And there's silence. And the level sun shining in her eyes and on her hair." Saidee's dashing Captain has, indeed, turned saint, a powerful political one, and lords it in the desert over French and Arab alike. Two parties go to her rescue: Victoria, in gorgeous Moslem fashion, veiled and chaperoned, but escorted by an Arab chief as subtle and passionate as poor Saidee's captor; and Knight, with his friend in a motor-car, bent on rescuing Victoria. The friend, not to be out of the picture, is also hopelessly in love; but that is yet another story. "Scheme sounds complicated," as he observes somewhere; "but so is an Arab's brain. You've got to match it." Not without a spirited piece of fighting does the happy conclusion shape

itself; the result of the last desperate resistance of the wily marabout, Saidee's husband. "The Golden Silence" is very frankly story-weaving. The pattern is as intricate and involved as an Arab design, though it is scarcely so skilful. There is, perhaps, too much of it. And the effort to create an atmosphere is too ever-present and too obvious. The English lovers show like marionettes against the flaming canvases of the Sahara, whose golden silence is too much for them and their passions. Quite charming things are done by the owner of the note-book, such as: "The celestial rose-tree of the Sahara sunset climbed blossoming over the whole blue dome," yet even here restraint is necessary to effect. "Bubbly domes" can be pleasing and illuminating once, but the seventh repetition finds the phrase cheaply banal.

"Uncle Polperro."

By ALPHONSE COURLANDER.
(T. Fisher Unwin.)

Ingenious farce and genial philosophy go to the making of "Uncle Polperro." A kindly manufacturer, who worked in gelatine, sugar, and liquorice for the benefit of child-humanity, seeing himself rich with their farthings, took a holiday in Paris, and met there some merry adventurers, with a little island in the South Seas to sell. Had not a foreign sugar-merchant just proclaimed himself Emperor of Sahara; and should a Polperro, Cornish born and bred, creator of Polperro Rock—alike all through, suck where you will—grudge a poor £2000 to establish a British dependency in the Bongo Isles! The island was bought with a flourish of parchments, and Uncle Polperro established himself in a Strand Hotel as "James Polperro, Rex," in order to arrange the expedition. His chief ally, a nephew, who had struggled against destiny as a doctor, tells the story of the strange little company that embarked in the *Dje-mi-mêh* (picturesquely "Jemima") for Southern Seas. He does it with a rich, unobtrusive humour—which even colours his own proposal to his pretty cousin Jennifer: "To please you," I said, "I would do anything . . . go through any adventure. Jennifer, will you marry me?" The book is a passionate vindication of Polperroism—the children who bought his rock know it and call it "make-believe." "In two words I will explain it," says Nephew Charles. "Once you have Polperroism, you will see the world as you wish it to be, and yourself as you imagine yourself to be. It is nothing but happiness and optimism." This creed and its magnificent triumphs maintain a gaiety which is never allowed to drop below a pensive smile. From the salute of the French fleet as the *Dje-mi-mêh* ran down the Bay, to the cheers that accompanied the toast of Uncle Polperro at the Government House of his lost island, the narrative is a vindication of this delightful philosophy.

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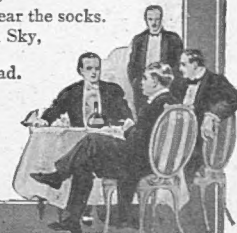
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THE BLACKHEATH RUGBY FIFTEEN.

(See Illustrations.)

At the beginning of the present season Blackheath looked like experiencing a disastrous campaign. They were badly beaten by the United Services, the Old Merchant Taylors, and Newport, and their football was so indifferent as to hold out little hope of a revival of the fortunes of "the club." On Oct. 24, however, they gave a surprisingly fine display against Bristol, who were lucky to win by a single point, and since that date the Blackheath fifteen have shown form more or less in keeping with the traditions of a famous institution. Their victories over the London Scottish and London Welsh were excellent performances, while as recently as Saturday last they drew with Cambridge University. Blackheath suffer from a lack of stability in their team. Changes are constantly occurring, and, as a consequence, much of the potency which they might possess remains undeveloped. Although their two halves, H. Coverdale and A. L. H. Gotley, were absent on Saturday, they may almost be classed as "regulars," and a better pair it would be hard to find in the South of England. Coverdale, who is a Durham man, played against France last season. His pluck and resource are great, and he may proceed to higher honours. G. Stokes is a tower of strength in the three-quarter line, in which H. H. Vassall, the

famous Oxonian of a few years ago, also appears from time to time to add to the powers of the club. Forward Blackheath are well served, and in C. H. Pillman they have one of the most talked-of players of the last twelve months. Pillman's capacity for work is wonderful; whether he is winging or following up he seems to be constantly on the ball. At home last winter, and in South Africa more recently, he established a great reputation. In B. C. Hartley Blackheath have an enthusiastic honorary secretary, who, not long ago, was one of the best forwards in the land.

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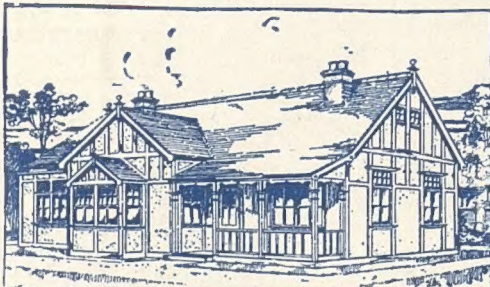
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